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Bernie Baylow
16. R.C.C.I.

The Flame

Volume
No.

for

the



1934

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE
CENTRAL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE
REGINA

Hi-Way Products Are Good Products

GASOLINE KEROSENE
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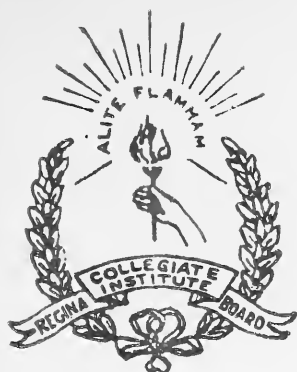
**The *Hi-Way* Organization is the second largest
industry in Saskatchewan.**

**It employs 480 men and sells 15,000,000 gallons
of petroleum products each year.**



"O Young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow The Gleam."

—Tennyson.



The Flame

CENTRAL
COLLEGIATE
INSTITUTE

REGINA
1933-34

TO ALL THOSE STUDENTS
who in the past twenty-five
years have tarried in the halls and
classrooms of Central Collegiate
this number of

The Flame

is respectfully dedicated by
their successors of today.

FOREWORD

In Retrospect and Prospect

It is indeed an honor to be allowed to write a foreword for your special annual, "Twenty-five Years of Progress"; an honor more especially pleasing to me in view of the fact that I have been away from the school for more than twenty years.

It was in 1905—the year which saw the birth of the province of Saskatchewan—that I joined the staff of the High School. The staff consisted of the Principal, Mr. R. D. McMurchy, Miss E. D. Cathro and myself and the student body was about sixty in number. At that time the High School occupied part of the school building on the site where now stands one of Regina's largest stores. The new Central Collegiate was opened in 1909 to provide accommodation for the steadily increasing number of students. In the spring of 1913 when I severed my connection

with the school, the staff had grown to twelve in number and the student body exceeded three hundred.

The success of the school was due to the vision and unselfish devotion of the men who comprised the Board of Trustees, to the outstanding ability of the teachers among whom harmonious relations always prevailed and to the student body whose fine character was typical of the indomitable-spirit of their pioneer parents.

Those associations and friendships which were made during the years at the school I count among the best of my life. It is with the greatest pleasure and gratification that these associations are revived in one way or another from



HECTOR LANG, B.A.

year to year and I shall continue to look forward to their frequent renewals in the future.

So much in retrospect.

To those who are about to graduate now or in the near future, I would say that yours is a great opportunity. As we emerge from the present depression it is conceded that the younger countries such as our Dominion will enjoy the greatest measure of prosperity. You are entering life at a time when you may take advantage of that opportunity.

But there are things more important than material wealth and it is to the intellectual and spiritual vision of those to whom material values are relatively unimportant that we must look for help toward a goal of social improvement at home and international goodwill abroad. At no time in the world's history has it been so necessary to have honest, pure-minded and accurate-thinking citizens at work on the world's problems. The world needs such citizenship above all else.

At graduation you are at the dawn of your day. The prospect is one of unparalleled opportunity. The day is yours and from the records of the students who preceded you, I know you will make the best of it.

HECTOR LANG.

THE CAMPFIRE SONG

Have you heard a song at twilight,
When the campfire logs are crackling?
When the scent of pines assails you
And you feel that naught is lacking?

Have you heard deep voices rising,
Swelling in a simple tune?
While from over the lake's bosom
Comes the wild cry of the loon.

Have you seen the stars above you,
Felt deep-buried memories stir
As you leaned, back in the shadow,
'Gainst the trunk of pine and fir?

Have you seen bronzed faces gleaming
In the firelight's flickering glow?
Heard a haunting, tender chanson
Sung in voices soft and low?

Years, years after you will hear it,
Hear, and in that scene delight,
Lake-water lapping, sweet songs swelling,
And the soft sounds of the night.

DOROTHY BROOK, Form 4A.



The Flame

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
ISABEL HUTCHESON
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
FRANCES THOMSON

Literary
Courtney McEwen
Virginia Hooker

Humour
Lyman Potts

Sports
Nona Noonan
Sybil Durrant
Fred Usher
Warren Petersmeyer

Business Staff
Irwin Bean
Aubrey Edwards
Tom Smith
Ivan King

Staff Artist
Gordon Cooke

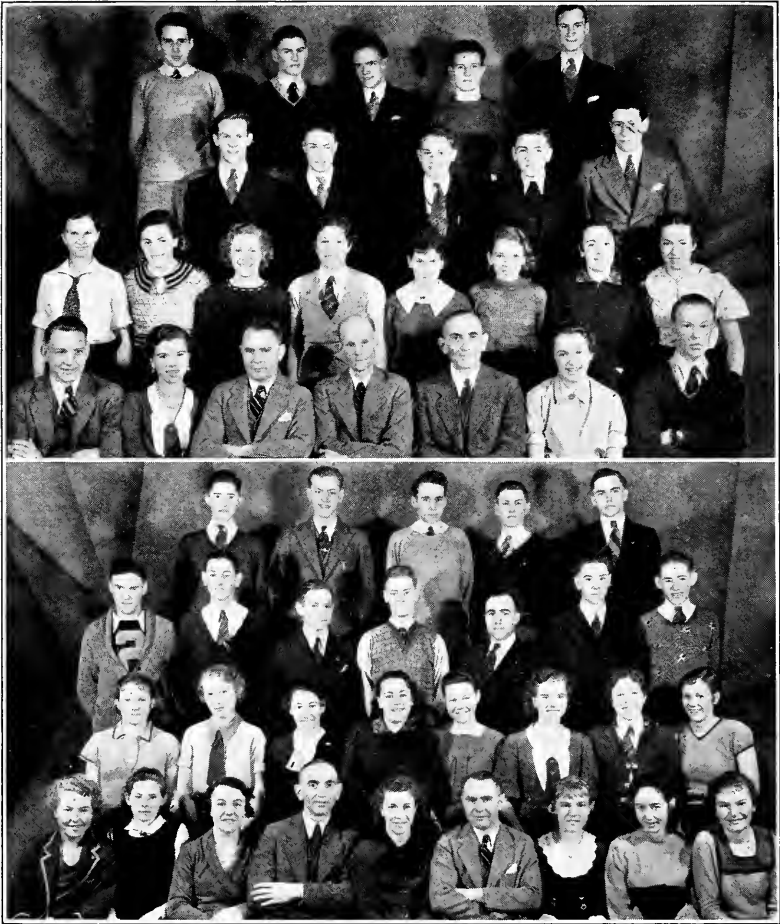
Activities
Helen Seymour
Roy Bing

Form News
Elsie Schick
Marion McLean
Lorne Church
Forbes Cavanagh
Dorothy Chard
Sheila Upton

Circulation Manager
Dorothy Smith
Advertising Managers
Betty Broderick
Gordon McLachlan

Secretary Treasurer
Peg Milligan

Staff Advisors
Mr. J. E. Campbell
Mr. D. S. MacMurchy
Mr. R. W. W. Robertson



ANNUAL STAFF (upper group)

Back Row (left to right)—W. Petersmeyer, F. Cavanagh, G. McLachlan, I. King, C. McEwen.
 Third Row—T. Smith, F. Usher, L. Church, L. Potts, A. Edwards.
 Second Row—M. McLean, N. Noonan, B. Broderick, S. Durrant, S. Upton, D. Chard, E. Schick, D. Smith.
 Front Row—I. Bean, I. Hutcheson, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Campbell, Mr. MacMurchy, F. Thomson, G. Thomson.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL (lower group)

Back Row—(left to right)—A. Crossley, H. Green, W. Petersmeyer, F. Cavanagh, G. Robertson.
 Third Row—D. Spencer, T. Clinkskill, H. Hyman, F. Harding, G. Page, R. Henry, R. McGregor.
 Second Row—M. Lowthian, M. Gardiner, L. Pearlman, E. Schick, M. MacMaster, I. Hutcheson, S. Durrant, K. Rutherford.
 Front Row—A. Grant, M. McCulloch, N. Powell, Mr. MacMurchy, H. Leggett, Mr. Robertson, E. Dolan, M. McCombie, M. Westgate.

EDITORIALS

Annuals can improve only through evolution.

Each year some attempt should be made to alter the content slightly. This year we have endeavored to develop the material in the Annual around the theme, "Twenty-Five Years of Progress."

Each Fourth Year group is worked into a progressive scheme of art decoration in which the development of Central is traced from a very small school to the large building it is today. The final picture depicts the "Roll of Honour"—symbolic of one of the greatest achievements in the history of the Collegiate. Great tribute is due to Gordon Cooke, our staff artist, for the time he spent in preparing these pictures for the Annual.

The other improvements we have attempted to make are standard heads, the organizing of all material into separate departments and the elimination, as far as possible, of wasteful detail.

We wish to express to the editors of previous Annuals our sincere thanks for the work which they did in the development of the Central Collegiate Year Book.

As for editors of the future we can only hope that they will continue in this onward march of Progress.

ISABEL HUTCHESON, 4A.
Editor-in-Chief.

BUSINESS STAFF

To all those students who howl, "We want an Annual," and then sit back and do nothing about it, it may come as something of a surprise to know that the 50 cents they pay would not cover half the cost of the production. Various shifts and endeavors have been resorted to in an attempt to finance this Annual.

It is necessary first to acquire enough advertising to cover approximately half the cost of publication. During the latter part of January an advertising campaign was organized. As a result of the hard work and persistence of those who took part, advertisements to the amount of \$485 were obtained. The Girls' Team under Betty Broderick included: Ilene Grant, Alma Grant, Hope Ross, Elspeth Milligan, Marion Carrigg, Ada Duckett, Hazel Gee, Dot Smith, Phyllis Perry, Marion Westgate, Eleanor Young, Helen Seymour, Thelma Paterson, and Jeanne Fulcher. The Boys' Team under Gordon McLachlan included: Bill MacKay, Bill Cowdry, Jim Gass, Jack Boyd, Bob Orr, Bob Leavitt, Wes Hodgson, Pat Salmond, Jack Kerr, Warren Petersmeyer, Keith Ansley and Bill Buckley.

Two dances were held in connection with the Annual. The committees spent much time preparing the programme and arranging novelties for the pleasure of those in attendance. Much of the credit for their success should go to Dot Cullum, Asher Hayworth and Edgar Petersmeyer who headed the committees in charge; Helen Seymour and Ada Duckett who did the secretarial work; Gerry Potts and Courtney McEwen, Masters of Ceremony; and to the Decorating Committee, Gordon McLachlan and Harry Dane, whose multi-colored decorations featured at the last dance.

Under Dorothy Smith the following students worked in the Circulation Department: Hazel Gee, George Camburoff, Edna Travis, Bill Cowdry, Phyllis Perry, Eleanor Brown, Eddie Stock, Bill McKay, Alan Smith and Victor Erdelyan.

4B, 3D, 2F and 1B sold the greatest number of Annuals in their respective years.

To all those students and staff members who gave unstintingly of their time and labor so that this Annual might live up to the high standard laid down by our predecessors we extend our most grateful thanks.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN CENTRAL

In the year 1889 the little seven year old town of Regina, capital of the North-West Territories, decided to provide opportunity for more advanced study than that offered in the then existing public schools. The public school course of five grades was extended to include three high school grades—third, second and first class. By 1905 Regina boasted a Normal School housed in the upper part of the red brick building formerly used as a Police Court and also a High School Department of the Public School. The white brick building which housed the High School students of those days stood on the present site of the Glasgow House. The staff consisted of three teachers, the principal of the combined High and Public Schools being Mr. R. D. McMurphy, B.A.



W. G. SCRIMGEOUR, M.A.

In 1907 the new Act respecting secondary education came into force and the Regina High School district was organized and our school because of its size and importance was entitled to rank as a Collegiate Institute. R. A. Wilson, M.A., Ph. D., now head of the English Department, University of Saskatchewan, was added to the staff and for two or three years students prepared in the Regina High School were permitted to write their second year examinations as set by Queen's University. In that year the staff consisted of five teachers, including the Principal, while one hundred and thirty students answered the roll call—hardly one-half as many as we now have in grade nine. Amongst this number we find

the names of Harold Brown and Douglas Fraser in the senior forms both of whom have retained an active interest in the school.

On November 25th, 1909, the Regina Collegiate Institute, which formed the front part of the building as we know it, was formally opened with an appropriate ceremony. In the description of this building is the following, "A special feature of the building is the Auditorium which will be used as a general assembly hall for the students." Since that time two additions to the original building have taken place, one in 1913 which gave us the gymnasium and the other in 1927 which gave us that part to

the East and South of the gymnasium, while at the same time other secondary school buildings have sprung up in other parts of the city.

The growth in school population has been most remarkable. There was a time when only the clever girls and boys who passed grade eight continued their education into High School, but now practically all grade eight students find their way into one of our secondary schools. By 1910, the numbers had increased from the 130 of 1907-08 to 210. By 1913 the ten class rooms of the new school were overflowing. In 1924 Scott Collegiate first opened its doors. Its class rooms were soon crowded and a platoon system set working to relieve the congestion. In 1927 came the second addition to Central, while Balfour Technical School which opened in 1930 was filled almost immediately. The modest one hundred and thirty of early days had by 1934 become an army of two thousand five hundred. The courses offered had become much more numerous and varied, and the opportunities much greater for a fuller and more rounded education. But it takes more than bricks, desks and blackboards to make a school, and true success can not be measured by numbers and increases. The citizens have always taken a live interest in our school and they have done much for education in Regina not only by giving us fine schools and supporting them, but also by backing up our every effort in other directions. We hope that as students pass through from grade to grade they may catch some of that indefinable spirit which we all help to create and which is being built into the school by all her students past and present.

Space permits only a bare mention of former principals. The old school records the names of D. S. McCannell, W. J. Chisholm, J. B. Hugg, E. B. Hutcherson, W. J. Elder, R. D. McMurchy, and Hector Lang who carried the tradition over into the new school. Coming to more recent times, Mr. Lang was succeeded in turn by Norman MacMurchy, and he by Norman Black who was followed by G. R. Dolan, now principal of Balfour Technical School. This brings the record up to the year 1930. Regina owes much to these men for the guidance and direction given to secondary education for over a quarter of a century. In the same connection mention is made of the unselfish service rendered by public spirited citizens who have served on the Collegiate Board of Trustees. They have given unstintingly of their time, money, and ability.

A school can be no better than its staff. Our staff has at all times ranked high in scholarship, experience and ability because of the care used in the selection of our teachers. Some teachers have been on the staff but a short time; some ten to fifteen years; some a few years longer than that, one or two getting up to or passing the quarter century mark. These latter especially are held in the highest esteem by each succeeding body of students.

In this brief outline some space must be left for reference to the achievements and outstanding accomplishments of our students. We have always had our brilliant intellectuals who

could learn anything from Latin to higher mathematics and in doing so carry off the honors and prizes. While they brought distinction to themselves and their school we think of them and others who heard the bugle call away back in 1914 and marched off far away from their homes and loved ones and did their bit for all they held dear. Some of them returned but many never came back. The tablet in the main hall was erected by the pupils and friends of the school in loving memory of these fine fellows than whom Central has turned out none finer or better.

In conclusion, may I say, we have every confidence in the students of today. They are made of the same stuff as their predecessors, and twenty-five years hence may the historian of that time review us with satisfaction and be able to say that we too played our part in our day and generation truly and well, adding something worth while to the glory of our "alma mater" and to the well being of students of our time.

W. G. SCRIMGEOUR,
Principal.

The Principal and Staff acknowledge with thanks the kindness of these parents who have opened their homes for form parties during the year.

Dr. and Mrs. Geo. Anderson
Mr. and Mrs. E. G. W. Bell
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Chalmers
Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Jackson
Mr. and Mrs. H. J. MacCrae
Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Matthews
Mr. F. Metcalfe
Rev. Frank and Mrs. Milligan
Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Noonan
Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Rodgers
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sneath
Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Thomson

1932-33 SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

Governor-General's Medal—Edward Britten.

University of Saskatchewan Scholarship—Wm. Lederman.

Chief Justice Brown's Medal for Senior Matriculation—Wm. Lederman.

Chief Justice Brown's Medal for Junior Matriculation—Jean Bradd; Gordon Robertson.

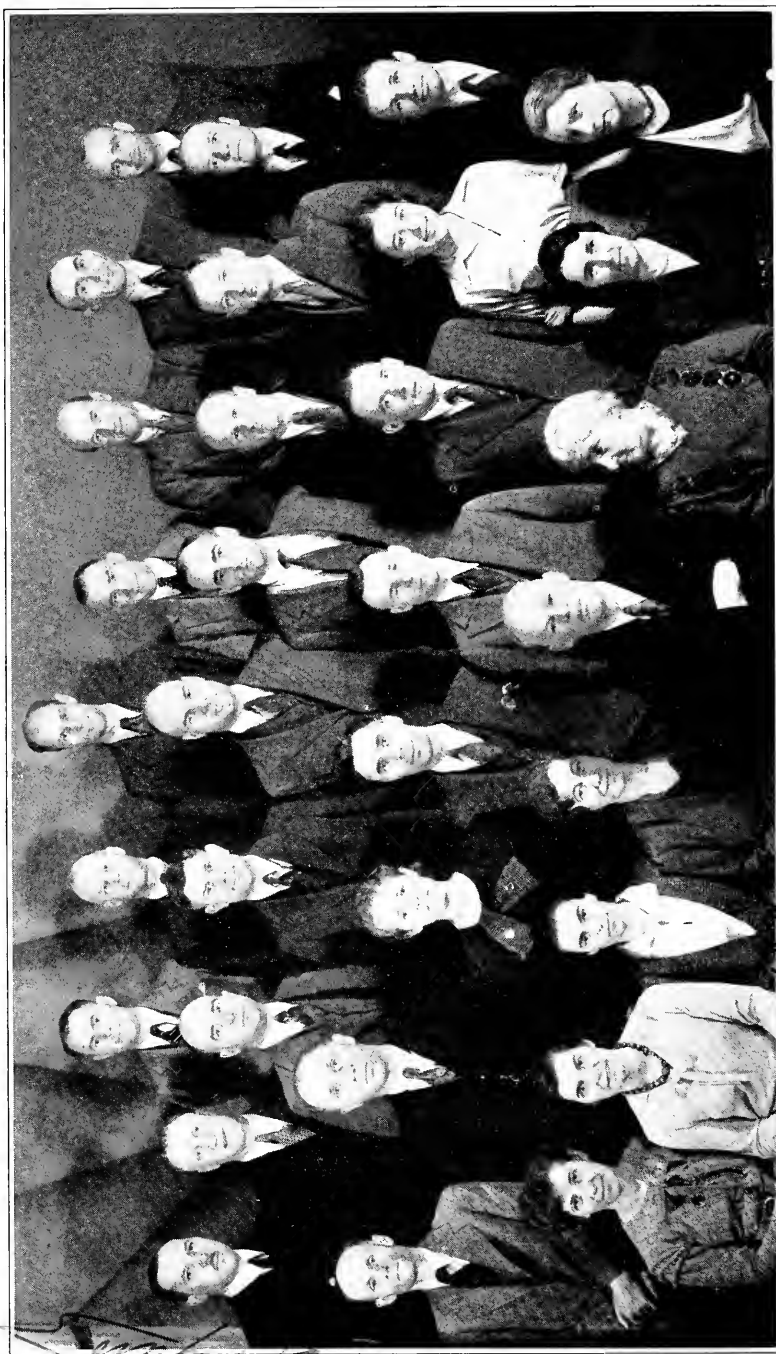
Gyro Club Medal—Marjorie Drake.

Blair Memorial Scholarship—Charles McLellan; Margaret Fullerton.

Bothwell Memorial Scholarship—Frances Crawford, Marguerite Selby.

Warren McAra Medal for Manual Training—Murray Auld, Grade X.

Western Manufacturing Co's. Prize for Manual Training—Frank Auld, Grade IX.



STAFF

Back Row (left to right)—R. W. W. Robertson, H. M. Allan, J. E. R. Doxsee, J. E. Cooper, C. T. Fyfe, D. S. MacMurchy, A. L. Williams.
 Third Row—W. G. Myatt, F. E. Howard, W. J. Oliver, L. H. G. Clark, W. E. Perkins, N. C. Griffin, T. W. Hunt, R. J. McKenzie, H. W. Chapman.
 Second Row—J. E. Campbell, E. C. McEachern, Miss G. Boyd, Miss D. Tingley, Miss V. K. MacMillan, W. G. Seringcour, Miss E. D. Cathro, Miss A. MacFarlane, Miss V. Leech.
 Front Row—Miss J. Wheatley, Miss G. Boyd, Miss D. Tingley, Miss V. K. MacMillan, W. G. Seringcour, Miss E. D. Cathro, Miss A. MacFarlane, Miss V. Leech.

THE STAFF

Central Collegiate staffs have always been outstanding for their high standard of teaching ability and their co-operation and readiness to aid in all school activities.

Members of the staff have advanced to the highest ranks in their own and other professions. Dr. J. S. Huff, one-time member of the staff, is now the Deputy Minister of Education in Saskatchewan. Not long after the opening of the University in 1909, three members of the Central staff were appointed by the University authorities to fill various chairs. Dr. R. A. Wilson, who left Central to become Principal of the Regina Normal School, went to the University in 1915 as Head of the Department of English. Mr. A. J. Pyke moved from our staff to be Principal of Nutana Collegiate, Saskatoon, and then was appointed to the Department of Mathematics. Dr. W. Ramsay, the teacher of Classics at Central for some time, is now in the Department of Classics in the University.

Indeed when Hon. R. B. Bennett required a Minister of Agriculture it was to the West that he came and it was an ex-member of the Central staff, Major Robert Weir, whom he chose.

There have been many changes in the Central Staff during the last twenty-five years but they still remain the competent, capable, carefully-selected group which has made Central famous.

CHANGES IN STAFF

The 1933-34 term brought three changes in our staff. Miss E. Death resigned just before the opening of the term to accept the position of managing a library in Vancouver. Mr. Rj. Staples was appointed to replace her. Mr. Staples has already carved himself a niche here. The Central Orchestra, of which he is the conductor, won the Western Canada High School Orchestra Cup at Winnipeg this year. Mr. Staples also conducted the Elgar Club operetta, "The Wild Rose," which was such a success this spring.

Miss Helena Wells, the principal's secretary for three years, left Central in September to continue her studies at the University of Saskatchewan. Owing to the increase in the size of the student body and the attendant increase of secretarial work, two secretaries, Misses Pearle Canham and Gwen Coxall, were appointed at the beginning of 1933-34 term.

THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

This year saw the resurrection of a student body which figured prominently in the school from 1918 to 1922, namely the Students' Council. This organization, advised by Mr. MacMurchy and Mr. Robertson, is composed of the presidents of the forms and of the different school organizations; thus, a representative body is assured.

The Council has succeeded in outfitting the Rugby and Basketball teams with sweaters, and has made provision for next year's teams also. It has reformed the monetary and banking system of the school, has organized and financed a school paper, which is unanimously the best yet, and has sponsored several dances for the benefit of the Athletic Club and the Annual, not to mention that splendid event, the Christmas Concert. The Council also investigated the method of awarding C's and found that although the Junior Track Team brought home the cup, they received no reward, while the Seniors did. Many such situations as this have been investigated and remedied, and the Council is only too willing to do its utmost, if the students will co-operate by suggesting the changes needed. For its first year, which is, of course, the most difficult, the Students' Council has done much to bring the Juniors and Seniors together, and to feed the ever-growing flame of School spirit.

Many of our most energetic and trusted members are Seniors, and as we will not have their aid next year, may we take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude and appreciation.

First comes our vivacious President herself, Hilda Leggett; next, the Editor of the "Perroquet," Isabel Hutcheson; and then Gordon Robertson, the quiet, hard-working Treasurer of the Students' Council. George Page, Vice-President of the Council has also gained many friends for his sportsmanship and co-operation, and Elsie Schick, in her unassuming way, has done a tremendous amount of work, especially on the Annual, for which we are deeply indebted to her. Alma Grant, Marion Westgate and Mary McCulloch were other members who were indefatigable in their attendance and always helpful with their suggestions. To all these then, let us extend our sincere regrets at losing them, our heartiest thanks, and our best wishes for a happy and successful career.

NOEL POWELL, Secretary.

GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT

This year Central has taken another decisive step forward in bringing again into being an organization that has been extinct for twelve years. I refer to the Students' Council

This organization has been confronted by many obstacles, which have been intensified because this being its first year of operation; the constitution had to be drafted and officers with no previous experience elected. Then too, on account of the large number of students at Central, it has been extremely difficult to acquaint all of them with the work and aim of the Council, and to get 100% co-operation.

However, in spite of these disadvantages, the Students' Council has really done some fine work this year. It is unnecessary to recount what these accomplishments are, for they are in the report of the Students' Council. Suffice it to say, this organization has made an important place for itself in Central during its first year, and promises great things in the future.

May I take this last opportunity of thanking the teachers and students for their whole hearted support and of saying how deeply I appreciate the honour you have conferred upon me by appointing me as the first President of the Students' Council. It has been a pleasure and a privilege to work with the executive, and I shall always look upon this last year of mine at Central with grateful and precious memories. To the Students' Council of the future, which really means the Central of the future, I can only wish the greatest success and achievement; may it go on from strength to strength, from victory to victory, until the mention of its name brings a thrill of pride to the citizens of Regina, and the recounting of its glorious annuals draws us up to our feet with the exultant shout "Central for ever!"

HILDA LEGGETT.

THE VOICE OF OLD TIMES

This is a page devoted to ex-students, in which messages received from the following ex-Centralites are reprinted with kind permission of their authors.

P. L. "Puss" Traub, defence star with old Regina Capitals sends a message to his old school—"Pleasant memories and kind thoughts of my years spent at R.C.I. To the staff and students every success."

Wilfred Blair, well-known Regina dentist writes: "The R.C.I. or C.C.I. was a great school, is a great school and due to the high standard of instruction and friendly co-operation of the staff, ensures an even greater school for the future."

Donald MacMurchy, former Central student and athlete, and now a willing adviser to the Students' Council, aside from his duties as Chemistry professor, writes:

"The former students of Central Collegiate are very proud of the record in all lines of activity made by the school during past years. It is their sincere wish that the present student body will aim toward setting a higher standard so that the history of the school may be one of continuous advancement in all lines of school activity."

Dr. Emmet McCusker, one of the earliest graduates of Central, gives a friendly word of criticism:

"Past"—A well qualified staff, ample accommodation, an ambitious student body and small classes permitting of greater personal supervision.

"Present"—An overworked staff, an overcrowded institution, a student body among whom, owing to the absence of proper entrance examinations, are many unfitted and unsuited for secondary education.

"Future"—Shall we revert to a proper system of admission, or shall we continue to allow unqualified and disinterested students to reduce the efficiency of our educational institution?"

George Peacock, a real old timer writes: "Congratulations to Regina Collegiate Institute on the progress it has made. As a student of this institution in 1901 and 02, in the old building where the Glasgow House now stands, I have watched with interest its progress. This progress, may it long continue."

C. R. "Bobs" Davidson, a 1918 graduate, and now a well-known barrister sends a vivid picture of his recollections of the school: "Wherever and whenever ex-Collegiate students foregather a stream of reminiscence starts flowing which does not run its course until far into the night. Some well-remembered teacher—the era of Hector Lang, of Norman McMurchy, of Dr. Black; some outstanding student or athlete—the time when senior students used to fill the gaps in the Roughriders line created by the war, the day the gallery of the gymnasium fell in; the year

the cadet corps camped in the Qu'Appelle Valley; the time when the Prefect of the Student Council had to preside over the trial of his own best girl (of the moment) for breach of some student regulation; student romances, many of which matured in after years—to pick out an isolated incident would be like trying to make a selection from a tray of French pastries, they are all intriguing but which shall I choose?

“It comes as rather a sobering shock to realize that it is almost twenty years since my feet first trod those halls of ‘yearning.’ Tempus does certainly fugit. To me the fond recollections and pleasant memories of that all too short a period spent at the Central Collegiate (in those days it was ‘The’ Collegiate) arouse a nostalgia, a pleasant longing not equaled by the memory of any other institution or group of human beings. May the torch burn ever brightly.”

W. J. “Just call me Bill” Oliver, one of the four teachers on the staff, to have the honor of being a graduate of Central writes: “A short time ago, I ran across my brief for the negative side of a debate, ‘Resolved that war is necessary,’ which recalled to my mind a debate I took part in over twenty years ago at Central. I do not recall the names of my colleagues, but I do remember that one of my opponents was Bill Nelson, a minister’s son. While of course I won, our side lost the decision.

“Another incident I recall was a play put on that year by the school. In a certain campfire scene, I was to do the Highland Fling, along with three others. Imagine me doing the Highland Fling! I can hear 4F laughing. Well, I came down with diphtheria about a week before it was presented. In spite of this they say the play went over big.”

THE ROLL OF HONOUR

In the centre of the 4F form group is a sketch of the Central Collegiate “Roll of Honour.” This Tablet, which occupies a commanding position in the main hall was erected by the friends, students and staff of the Central Collegiate and was officially unveiled on December 22, 1920, when Sir Richard Lake, Sir Frederick Haultain and General J. F. L. Embury took part in the ceremony. The Tablet carries on it the names of three hundred and eighty-four students and ex-students of the Collegiate who served in the Great War, forty-three of whom made the supreme sacrifice.

It was a custom in the old Annuals to predict the future of the graduating class. Here is how near some of them came to being right:

Dr. E. A. McCusker, now a prominent Regina physician.

Emmett McCusker from a poultry farm,
Will bring feathery pigeons to school under his arm.

James Sinclair, now business man and amateur dramatist.

'Cross the lake in the future Jim Sinclair,
The young legislature from Ginklair—
Will hold forth on the floor
For six hours or more,
And his principal theme will be Sinclair.

Dr. Alan Sampson, physician, now in Montreal.

And what of the witty young Sampson,
His blush sometimes rivals a damson,
In his pa's footsteps, he
Will follow close and be
A genuine, a true and not a sham son.

David Naimark, outstanding violinist of Regina.

In 4B it's always the fate
Of Dave Naimark to come very late.
But he comes with a smile
That's intended to rile
The soul of our Mr. Campbell.

James Jenkins, in his final year at the University of California for his Ph. D. in biology.

4B has a prominent scholar
Jim Jenkins by name, he's a corker,
His hair is jet black,
At French he's a crack,
At rugby games he sure can holler.

Flora Mooney, now lecturing in French at Regina College.

Of winsome Flora now sing we praises,
A sweeter lass was not found in ages,
Girls' work is her choice of a vocation for life,
But we hope she will make some poor man a wife.



LITERARY

ALITE FLAMMAM

Alite Flammam is our motto,
A hand with a torch is the sign,
With a courage rare, we must carry that flare,
The duty is yours and mine.

We should have the spirit of Central,
When we enter the first year form,
It will help and cheer, from year to year,
If we keep it glowing and warm.

We will carry the torch through Central,
And when we're through we'll find
Our flaming brand is, with eager hands,
Held up by the hosts behind.

When we finally leave old Central
We will keep its spirit true,
But as we pass to a higher class,
We leave this thought with you,

May your light shine on through Central,
May the motto n'er grow old,
And proudly stand, with the torch in your hand,
By the purple and the gold.

MARIANNE MACDONALD, Form 1K.

REMINISCENSES

Hugh Wayne looked silently at the great bronze commemorative tablet before him. Old friends, comrades-in-arms, had owned these names. Some were dead, some in high positions, some tramping the road. He, himself, was but one more transient in shabby clothes, but his broad shoulders and slim waist, and his soldierly carriage gave him distinction. His good-humoured, square-jawed face bore a pensive expression, but his right cheek was marred by a long scar.

1914 was a horror-stricken year for Canadians. The tales from the front and the remorseless German drive with its useless cruelty filled the enlisting offices as nothing else could. Hugh Wayne and Lance Cole were chums in every sense of the word. When Central Collegiate was first opened, the two had met as second years, both fifteen. Together they had skipped classes, worried teachers, and done everything of which a boy of their age could think. Hugh's father was lame and was not accepted for the service, while Lance had lost his in the Boer war. Therefore, it was their one ambition to get in the army. It was a pair of shame-faced boys that went home one night after cheerfully lying about their ages. The recruiting officer unfortunately knew them, and smilingly sent them home, "Curious," he remarked, "how much older the Collegiate boys have grown since the war broke out!"

Hugh remembered with a grin the time he had pensively thrust out a foot just as one of the teachers was backing down the aisle. Then there was the day Lance had poured half a bottle of ink down his back. Yet, with all their fun, they spent spare time practising drilling and shooting with a rifle owned by Hugh's father.

1915. Still Hugh and Lance were gloomy, fearful that the war would end before their chance came. That was the year they had broken the blackboard and risen to high commands in the cadets. Lance's eighteenth birthday came at last, but he managed to wait a month for Hugh's birthday. Thanks to Lance's uncle, a colonel, and also to their ability, they received commissions.

1916. France, sunny France! Anything but sunny felt Hugh as he thought of the marches in the rain, the cold, and then the wet trenches. He fingered his scar. "That nearly sent me west," he mused, "I can see it all——."

Over the top! That was a command that did not tend to cheer one up, but Lance and Hugh were always first over. There was one great attack they made, but it was a dangerous one. The Germans swept their ranks with machine-gun fire and shells, and met their attack with bayonets. Hugh had received his scar when he deflected an officer's sword-thrust from Lance, and it dazed him. He found himself in the German lines with Lance trying to rescue him. Unfortunately they were both captured.

1917. A year of deadly monotony in prison camp. Escapes were planned by Hugh and Lance but few were feasible, and when they tried one they were caught. Hugh was taken to a prison camp near the border, separated from his pal. He did not give up hope, but learned the routes from the prison and the plan of the rooms as well as possible. In the daily routine he kept himself physically fit for an escape.

1918. A mad break for freedom with official papers from the prison office that he managed to seize. No telling what they might contain. He galloped across the Dutch border on a stolen horse half a league before the Boche pursuers. The papers held important plans of the front, and made a large attack successful. The flight turned Hugh's hair grey at the temples, but it brought him promotion.

Armistice! Lance was finally freed from the prison camp, and by 1919 the two were back in Canada swapping tales. It seemed as though they were doomed to be separated, for Hugh received a position in South America and Lance remained in Regina. They swore vows that they would be chums always, write often, and never marry. They agreed to meet at Central Collegiate in 1934, Central's twenty-fifth anniversary, if it were humanly possible.

Slowly the years passed, and Hugh and Lance lost contact. Hugh was a rover, and finally he and Lance drifted out of writing. Then at last came the depression and the crash of Hugh's fortunes. He worked his way back to Canada, and drifted across the country, doing odd jobs and keeping alive

1934. Hugh remembered his promise. The date was to have been 24th of May, and with a sudden whim he worked his way back to Regina. Well, here he was in the halls of Central, and despite new additions and changes, it was familiar. Old scenes flashed before him. He wondered if Lance would remember. Anyway, he could wait hours; no money, no food. His mother and father were dead now, while he had been away.

He felt a hand on his shoulder. "Hugh! old pal!" Yes, it was Lance, an older, more serious Lance, but still full of fun. They clasped hands for a full minute without speaking, smiling at each other.

"Do you remember?—" began Hugh.

"Remember that time—" started Lance. Again they smiled, then Lance drew Hugh's arm into his. "Come to my suite," he said, "There is so much to talk about. I'm in business on my own now, and Hugh, won't you come in with me? You know, our motto has always been 'United we stand.'"

"You're a good fellow, Lance," said his chum, "So be it."

It was close to midnight when the two old soldiers and chums ended their tales.

"Ah, well," said Hugh, stretching lazily, "We've passed through everything a man could. Perhaps we're has-beens now,

but I'll wager none of those Central Collegiate youngsters will ever have as varied years before them as we have behind us. We've grown up with the west, we've passed through the war, and now we're in the midst of a depression! However, it's time for us old wrecks to be in bed. Goodnight, old man!"

Lance grinned sleepily, then yawned in assent.

DOROTHY BROOK, Form 4A.

THE SOULS OF MEN ARE HARPS

I stand alone, encircled by the night—

The clear November night, so calm and still.

Afar, I hear the noises of the town,

And see the twinkle of its thousand lights.

A night train whistles, and a lone dog barks;

The city throbs with life and hearts of men;

It seems the mighty throbbing heart of earth

That speaks of life, when round me stand the trees—

Silent and stiff and bare, gaunt limbs outstretched

Above the frozen ground, scant clothed with snow—

Sharp icy crystals, crunching 'neath my feet.

Above me in the mighty, mighty sky;

The velvet dark, whose million changeless eyes

Stay looking down for ever on this world—

This little bustling world, whose life is bound

Not by the little lives of changing men,

And human law, and thought, and word, and deed,

But by the Spirit which controls those worlds

Whose pure calm eyes forever look at me.

I like to think that souls of men are harps,

All strung to different key and tone and pow'r;

And souls in harmony make melody

That in one chord is grand and pure and strong.

What then, if too, these mighty worlds have souls,

Whose harp strings thrill in matchless ecstasy

When cross them deftly moves the Master Hand?

A thrilling sound, vibrating through all space,

Invisible, unheard, yet potent still,

With strange force trembles on this soul of mine,

And sets the harp strings quiv'ring with its tone,

And wakes an urge, not known or understood,

That seeks to grasp and know the infinite.

NOEL POWELL, Form 3D.

Contentment has one advantage over money, people don't try to borrow it from you.

ALITE FLAMMAM

Thrilling words, these! "Alite Flammam"—kindle the flame! This is our motto, this our challenge—is this our aim? There is much in those words to make us stop and consider, and yet we pass through the portals over which they stand, many times, without troubling to think why they are there, or what they mean. Kindle the flame! Keeping it burning brightly with fresh fuel, not letting it smoulder neglectedly in its embers. This was the watchword of those heroic marathon runners of Greece, as, spent with their effort, they passed the torch on to their successors.

Central too, for twenty-five years, has had its runners, but their goal was knowledge—education that led ever onward, to where

"Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever as I move."

Does not the sight of that bronze tablet in the hall, bearing the names of those who gave their all, wake within us a thrill of pride in our school, and an urge to higher endeavour? Are we unmoved by those shields and cups which adorn our halls, by those pictures presented by clubs and societies? Do we look beyond these to the hours of gruelling practice which those teams spent before victory was theirs; can we picture the industry, the effort, the generous co-operation of those club members? Out of the past comes their challenge—

"To you, from failing hands we throw the torch;
Be yours to hold it high!"

We have a tradition to uphold, a star to follow, or rather, a kindled flame. High School is not just a place which must be endured before we go out into life, and therefore to be treated as a drudge or a joke; it is Life itself! Here we meet and make those things which unconsciously and imperceptibly mould our characters; therefore, let our quest be after true knowledge; knowledge which is not wise in its own conceit, but is as Charles Morgan says, "an infinite power or wonder." He continues: "Knowledge is static, a stone in the stream; but wonder is the stream itself—in common men a trickle clouded by doubt, in poets and saints a sparkling rivulet, in God a mighty river, bearing the whole commerce of the divine mind. Is it not true, that even on earth, as knowledge increases, wonder deepens?"

In 1922, just before he was about to make his third attempt to scale Mount Everest, George Mallory was speaking to an American audience. "If you cannot understand," he said, "that there is something in man which responds to the challenge of this mountain and goes out to meet it, that the struggle of life is upward and ever upward, then you won't see why we go." That is the urge which prompted Ulysses to cry, "Life piled on life were all too little!" and it is that self-same urge which led William McDougall, of Harvard, to write, "My increasingly vivid realization

is, that in spite of all the splendid achievements of modern science, we still live surrounded on every hand by mysteries. On the frontiers of Thought we look out into infinite distances where all is dim and uncertain, where there loom up questions with which we vainly struggle."

"Alite Flamman" then, shall be our battle cry—an urge to loftier thoughts and ambitions, a light through doubt and hesitation towards that life, mysterious, beautiful, beckoning always on and on, "Like the magic of the mist on land and water," until we reach the country of the Dawn.

NOEL POWELL, Form 3D.

PIRATE GOLD

When pirates sailed the Seven Seas
In search of loot and treasure,
They captured crews and fleets of ships
And tortured men for pleasure.

They raided towns and villages
And lured large ships on reefs,
And many other things they did
That quite escape belief.

For when they sailed the Seven Seas
They terrorized the main,
For ships and men would disappear
And ne'er be seen again.

And to this day on stormy nights,
Tho' pirates long have died,
Their ghostly galleons sail the seas,
High on the waves they ride.

And now the centuries have passed
Still on the ocean floor
There lie these ancient galleons
With tons of yellow ore.

And treasure islands still retain
Their mysteries of old,
That somewhere lies the hidden well
A horde of yellow gold.

And tho' the pirates tyrants were
And murderers and thieves,
Yet people thrill to pirate tales
And part of them believes.

MARIANNE MACDONALD, Form 1K.

SENIORS

A DEDICATION

On June 30th, will end for us one period of our lives. This is for us the stepping off place, the gateway of life. In these old halls we have endeavored to imbibe the teachings and experience of the past and present. We shall go out fortified with that knowledge to challenge the future. Some of the names that have a familiar sound in this institution will become great names, names to be conjured with in the game of life.

We ask one thing of those who are leaving here and with whom we all have had such pleasant associations. That we be forward looking. That the spirit which has animated us here and which is imperishable shall continue to be always in the fore. That those whose lot is to be cast in high places shall remember those less fortunately placed. Let us say "Vale" with the word of the great poet:

"To thine own self be true
And it must follow as the night, the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

G. MANN, 4B.



J. TURNBULL



L. DEBERT



D. KAHN



W. AITKEN



C. DARROTHERS



J. ARNALL



M. MANN



A. WRYE



D. KENDALL



L. MOORE



W. COWDRY



B. LYDIARD



A. EDWARDS



J. CAMPBELL



I. HUTCHESON



K. RUTHERFORD



D. MCGREGOR



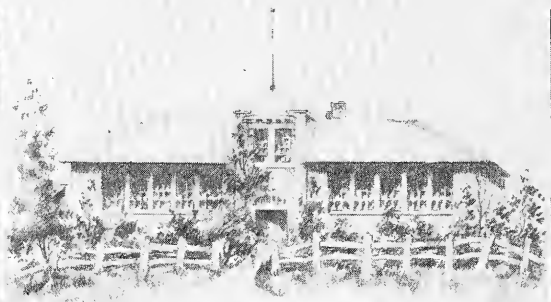
M. BRUNSSELL



A. MCMILLAN



H. HEAD



J. KERR

FORM 4A *Spring*



D. MILNE



T. HANDEL



I. KING



W. ALLEN



H. ROSE



D. MINTZ



R. GREENWAY



R. FERRIER



C. EHYAZ



M. MCINNIS



H. MCCOLLOM



B. BRODERICK



M. DINWALL



T. TULLIS



L. HILLS



M. ANDERSON



D. BROOK



J. FISHER

4A

I know that you 4A graduates of 1934 are full of hope and expectation. You have reached a milestone in your careers; you have completed four years of work. You have realized that subjects sometimes distasteful are necessary for your all round development. For most of you a high purpose has eliminated the irksomeness of work. As Ferdinand was willing to pile up logs one by one that he might now and then glimpse the gracious Miranda, so you have lost sight of the difficulty of the task in the vision of your aim.

Your school courses have been planned by wise persons with the object of helping you to distinguish the noble from the ignoble; the enduring from the ephemeral things of life. And so having started you with your feet set in the right direction, your school leaves you, trusting that it is sending you forth into the world with enthusiasm, lofty ideals, and with gifts that are independent of material circumstances.

But happily the voyage of life, though it may be beset with storms, has also blue skies, calm waters and smiling sunshine; so if I cannot **promise** you, let me at least join with Prospero in **wishing** you "calm seas, propitious gales and sail so expeditions" as may bring you after a happy voyage to the Islands of the Blessed.

V. K. MACMILLAN.

AMONG MY SOUVENIRS

Ring out, wild bells! (Under the auspices of Mr. Scrimgeour) and all 4A (by kind permission of Mr. Campbell) make a wild dash for their seats without (?) late slips. Oh yes, French first period—now just a minute, I'm sure I've heard that word before somewhere. Ah! no homework done! (It is to laugh). We are somewhat doubtful French students, for only four can sit around Isabel H. whilst we are exactly three seats from the perfect answer. Translate: "Je frappe, la sentinelle ouvre," and was it??? ??? who meekly said, "I knock the sentinel over?" Tragic when you just can't "comprend francais." Miss Leech's favorite saying is "Class !!!" We usher our French teacher out to the tune of the French national anthem, "La Marseillaise."

Who said Mr. McEachern was Scotch? He doesn't even believe in free translations! With sad eyes we watch half the room waltz out, then begin corrupting Cicero to the best of our inability. Yet the kindly, ease-loving E. C. McE. was the one who sprung "Fleo, flere, itchi, scratchum" on us. Our Latin, however, though of somewhat doubtful accuracy, is always done "after four!" "Sotto voce" (now stop me if you've heard this one) means "in a drunken voice." Ah! great tragedies of life. The bell rings just as we finish translating G-r-r-r-r!

No! a thousand nose!! That roar outside is not the guns of opening parliament. Mr. Campbell merely giving us a gentle

(or forceful) hint that we keep quiet. Trigonometry period is ushered in by this teacher who would not have us believe that he taught when Saskatchewan was still North-West Territories. Anyway, "The audience hung upon his words in breathless silence." After twenty minutes of uneasily understandable talk, we arrive at the brilliant conclusion that we are going to flunk in Trig. in June. (Someday we'll be saying, "What! can't do Trig? Son, I never received less than 95 marks in it). Oh, well!

By the way wasn't it the physics studes (?) who sprung this one on us? You know, "It amperes that you did your ohm work last night." Oh yeah!

With pen poised for action, we listen while "de colonel" pours forth dates and names such as Schwarzburg — Sonder-shausen. In the U.S.A. they put people to death by electrocution, but Mr. Lingard tries to pep us up by elocution. It's simply adorable the way he rolls out Czecho-Slovakia. (Were we downhearted? No!).

Gas masks! We're headin' for the chem. lab. Silhouetted somewhere in the general haze is your partner, and you feel strongly (also smell that way) that the city dump is much preferable to Mr. MacMurchy's sanctum sanctorum. According to the latter gentleman air is composed of oxygen and nitrogen, but after an hour in the lab. we have our own opinion.

Did you know that 4A is master of all it surveys—excepting algebra, geometry, and about seven other subjects. Speaking of geometry, our opinion is that we are taught to prove what we already know to be true. This is the period when the Royal Society for Asking Pointless Questions gets busy. One young gentleman of the R.S.A.P.Q. has a very bad habit of giving an answer to a question that someone has given about two seconds before. Someday we'll give Mr. Oliver a break and all get 100. Did he hear a sarcastic remark then?

While we shiver over the ten or eleven deaths, murders, and what have you, in Hamlet, we can still gaze serenely at the highly-colored artist's conception of what Shakespeare's birthplace should look like on a poster. The continent and dearr auld S-scotland (Don McGregor) ar-r-re also represented. Chaucer, as isn't, is choicely rendered by students who fully appreciate (dramatic irony) his sly humour and subtle satire. Anyway, Miss MacMillan certainly knows him.

"Get that silly grin off your face!" Oh, yes, Algebra now. The other day our questions were in a poor state. Mr. Haward was in a state of indignation. And we are in an awful state. This is period when the rugby players don't do so well, and when you wish you could shove x^2 and y^2 down your nearest neighbor's throat. But ain't it a grand and glorious feeling when you make a decent mark?

Despite their resigned looks, we do not believe our pedagogues consider 4A to be the answer to a teacher's prayer. However, we do so like to help them earn their salaries, although we do not believe the latter would have been cut if they had known

our class. Nevertheless, 4A has not yet driven a teacher to making daisy chains, so we are convinced that there is hope for us yet. What, we ask you, would Mr. Lingard do with his after-fours were it not for us? Where would Mr. MacMurchy practise snapping his fingers in disgust unless at us? What chance we pray, would Mr. Campbell have for practising that middle C note? And then, were it not for our brilliant intellects, we sadly fear that Central would fall into ruin and decay. (In the words of Mr. Scrimgeour, "Now, I'll tell one").

Well, adios, mein freunds, and bon voyage to omnes from 4A.

Two form parties had 4A, yea, verily. Salaam to youth, salaam to jollity, and a couple of slams for that door over there. After a show, the feminine landscape moved into Muriel Anderson's home, the boys loping in a trifle later. The lads went native and war-whooped while Pat Greenaway of the orchestra tickled the ivories. After the war-dances and powows, etc., were adjourned, eats were served. Believe me, an Indian potlach has nothing on fourth years. Curious how we feel disgraced if any eatables are left. Unfortunately the boys developed strange symptoms as the remains were cleared away, and carefully explained how doing dishes ruined their constitutions. Oh, well!

Editor: "The article is not bad but you must write so that any fool can read it."

Author: "Which part is not clear to you?"

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D. RODGERS



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M. MCCOMB



R. DOLAN



D. SMITH



E. ERRINGTON



M. ROTHWELL



M. MOORE



D. SPINDLE

To 4B

I have been asked to pen a few words of farewell to you as you approach the end of your sojourn in this school. It is with genuine regret that I contemplate the severance of the happy relations that have existed between us as class and form-teacher for the past year. You have many qualities that have proved very endearing. Outstanding among these has been your unfailing good humor and ability to elbow through the strains and stresses of the daily grind without any demonstrations of impatience or vexation. Another noteworthy trait has been your keen sense of social values.

As regards your relations both to one another and to the school at large, you have co-operated heartily in all the school's projects and in some of the largest of them, notably this Annual, you have displayed a leadership that has been exceptional. While your scholarship has not, perhaps, been of the type that may be achieved by certain students who live more exclusively in the realm of books, you have developed numerous contacts with life and have learned how to live usefully and happily in association with others. This is, after all, the most useful and satisfactory type of education. You should be able to "fit in" with ease and enjoyment wherever you may be placed when you leave here.

In conclusion allow me to extend my best wishes for a happy, useful, and distinguished future for you all, and may the friendly relationship that has prevailed between us continue indefinitely.

E. C. McEachern.

FOUR "BEES"

There is a Central Collegiate
Not very far away
Where bright ones, fair and dark ones
Come studiously each day.

There's Dot Rodgers, Williams, too
As well as Smith and Dale
Another, Brucie, making five,
All different as the scale.

Marj. Kennedy as well have we;
Marg. McCombie, our singer;
While Myrtle Moore and Hazel Gee
Make teacher shake her finger.

Our brainy man is Sir Martin
Our wrestlers Bud and Bob;
Helen and Pat are closest pals,
And Vic is on the job.

Chris and Jim are brothers, two
Whose height make Bruce a sub.
Geoff Mann speaks loud and wisely
To not so stupid Doug.

Two violinists, Ron and Mike
Make up a musicale,
For Evelyn, Mae and Ada, too,
Their fate we just can't tell.

Nona Noonan, a great athlete
Does ever make the passes;
M. Koepke and our M. McLean
Are very clever lasses.

Ken Goldie is "Ze 4B Sheik,"
Lorne's not so bad at jests,
Marg. Rothwell is a quiet miss,
And does Dave hate writing tests!

Harold and Ed do win much fame
As being the "Bees" tallest;
While Mary Mc is President,
And Thelma is our smallest.

Two more are present in this room,
M. Carrigg and A. Bishop,
Who both are sweet and friendly girls
And pleasing as you wish it.

Now last but not at all the least
Mr. McEachern is our King,
Who wonders kindly why we don't
For once put halt on gabbing.

I believe I've told you all our names,
Thus we'll say "Farewell."
Remember that it's Form 4B
Of which these lines do tell.

Speaking of unemployment, the average man has 12,000,000,-
000 brain cells.

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Saskatchewan

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IN OR NEAR A SASKATCHEWAN
FOREST OR PARK
BE CAREFUL WITH FIRE.

DO
NOT

{ BUILD YOUR CAMP FIRE IN LITTER.
LEAVE SMOULDERING ASHES OR FUEL.
TOSS AWAY LIVE CIGARETTE BUTTS.
THROW MATCHES AWAY CARELESSLY.
FORGET THAT A FIRE OR LIVE MATCH
OR CIGARETTE BUTT IS ALWAYS A
MENACE IN THE WOODS.

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E. FISHER



E. TRAVIS

Fred.



G. POTTS



FORM 4C



J. MOLTHER



G. MCEWEN



M. DOUGLAS



V. GILBERT



R. MONROE



B. JOHNSTONE



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I. LOUCKS



M. FORBES



D. WELLS



J. DONALFE



R. KENNEDY



G. CAMBURORFF



K. ZAREMBO



G. MACKENZIE



C. WILLIAMS

To 4C

After four years of study and play another 4C class is about to leave Central. This year 4C has more than maintained its influence and importance in all forms of school activity, sports, dramatics, high academic attainment. And so, at the end of this term there comes a definite break in your education and lives, for High School is finished, University, Normal, business or enforced leisure awaits you. In these days there is more necessity for a balanced and responsible outlook on the part of High School graduates, than perhaps at anytime in the last hundred years. Your education here has been based upon the assumption that most of our institutions are stable, useful and good, but events of recent years have shown us that all these institutions are being subjected to tests which are challenging the fundamental assumptions upon which they are based. My wish to 4C in bidding you farewell and Godspeed is that you may still learn to keep your emotions calm, your intellects keen and your ideals high, under whatever circumstances or problems which may face you in the future years. And may your memories always be a source of strength and satisfaction.

J. E. R. DOXSEE.

MEB-BE

(apologies to Drummond)

A quiet bunch, dat form 4C—

No bodder on de school,

But always hab de homework done

An' nebber play de fool.

An' w'en de teacher tell dem, go

An' tak' a holiday

Becos' dey study hard, ye know—

Dat class would only say,

“Well, meb-be!”

Our hard-workin' pop'lar pres'dent,

Elsie by name is she,

Wan day, fo' to wake dem up, went

An' elected wan becg committee.

Wal, dey meeted, an argued, and meeted
some mo'

But dey jus' couldn' agree

W'edder skatin' or dancin' or mebbe a show

Our form party should be.

Now Murray, Jim, an' Edna

Dey nebber spik a wance

Unless to call dat well known theme

“Gimme dat Latin nex'.”

An' Jean it is who heads da list
 Her marks dey need no mention,
 An' dem t'ree Bobs, dey're pun'tul lads
 Dey nebber miss detention—
 "Well, meb-be!"

An' den deres Fred and Jack ye know,
 Swell guys, tho' dead on Latin—
 Like Scrimm who jes' can't seem to make
 A hit wid Mister Chapman.
 An' w'en school's closin' on de spring
 De teachers not surprise
 Dot we is takin' every-t'ing
 Of w'at you call de prize.
 An' den der's dat beeg handsome man—
 So near an' distant, too,
 If jest he didn't teach 'istory,
 But w'ats de use, he do.
 Wall! Frien's de work we done will tell
 W'en we're out an on de way
 We know w'en time fo' ref'rence comes
 We'll 'ave lots mo' to say—dan
 "Well, meb-be!"

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF PROGRESS FROM TODAY!!! 1934-59

The Rebellion of 1937—

(a) Causes:

The students had learned too much HISTORY, thus they knew that:

(1) There had been no extension of the franchise for some time. (In History this is considered a good cause for rebellion and revolution).

(2) There had been little reform in Educational subjects; e.g. There had been no reform in Latin, thus they still learned the classical latin at the time of Julius Caesar.

(3) The Treaty of Versailles did not apply to educational institutes. (They still allow poisonous gases to be made in and escape from the chem. lab.).

(4) Guy Fawkes was the only person who had ever entered parliament with the right idea.

(b) The R.C.C.I. Resolutions:

These resolutions, drawn up at Central, voiced the grievances of the student body. A delegation was appointed to represent them before the Legislature. The delegation set out on the 17th of March, and arrived at the Buildings just when the professional bouncer had returned from his lunch. Unfortunately for the delegation he had had Grape-Nuts for his refreshment; and thus was brimming over with energy.

The student body, suspecting foul play followed closely on the heels of their delegation, and arrived just in time to catch them on the second bounce as they were ejected from the house. They were furious. In a solid Phalanx formation, (such as was used by Phillip of Macedon) they entered the legislative chambers. (The bouncer retired to try Pep for endurance). The resolutions having been solemnly read before the house, the worthy members immediately gave them the six months hoist.

A definite plan of campaign (such as was generally used by Caesar) was hastily complied by the students. A party was sent to raid the chem. lab. (Caesar would have called this a foraging party, because they had no intentions of paying for the goods they took). The raiders returned laden with acid and other chemicals. They took possession of the public gallery, donned gas masks, and began to generate H_2S . This gas (which has an odor resembling that of elderly eggs) being heavier than air, soon found its way into the nostrils of the M.L.A.'s (members of the legislative assembly) below.

After 500 cu. ft. of hydrogen sulphide had been generated, the "Members" began to feel uncomfortable; at 1,000 cu. ft. they thought that they had perhaps been a little too hasty in disposing of the R.C.C.I. Resolutions; at 1,500 they were sure they had been; and at 2,000 they quickly recalled them. But "more haste less speed" seems to apply here. No sooner had the generators been stopped than the M.L.A.'s began "beating around the bush." As the supply of hydrogen sulphide was running low, the engineers in the gallery began to generate SO_2 to quicken things up. (For the benefit of those who are not acquainted with this gas, it is heavier than air and has a very sharp, penetrating odor).

The students left the legislature very contentedly: a bill had unanimously passed the "House" extending the franchise to include everybody who could not ride on the street car on a children's ticket.

(c) Lord Halogen's Report.

The legislature sent Lord Halogen (creator of the famous halogen family) to find out what seemed to be the chief cause of discontent in the R.C.C.I. and to make a report. He entered 4C during a chalk hail-storm, saw the participants sent for detention slips, slept through a History period, laughed through a Latin period, shivered through a Trig. period, and sent in his report. This resulted in the passing of the R.C.C.I. Act.

(d) The R.C.C.I. Act, 1939.

Terms—

- (1) Homework, detention and exams were abolished.
- (2) Over a period of years each subject was to be revised.
- (3) Henceforth, good-looking teachers, particularly the married ones, that tend to upset the equilibrium of some students, should be abolished.

(e) Twenty Years After.

Finally, by 1959 the whole curriculum had been changed. Here is the 4C time table.

Monday A.M.—

Theatature—in place of Literature. Mr. Fyfe reviews the shows at the various theatres: the class then selects one and goes to see it for the rest of the morning.

Monday P.M.—

Bridgonometry—in place of Trigonometry. Mr. Campbell gives us the latest hints and angles on "Contract," then we have a bridge party.

Tuesday A.M.—

Shuffalo—from Algebra and French, which were first changed to Dance and Orchestra. A professional orchestra plays the latest "Hits" while the students dance.

Tuesday P.M.—

Autics—from Physics. The class takes to the Highways in cars. The one restriction is that they go at least 75 miles an hour, so that the driver has no choice but to keep both hands on the wheel.

Wednesday A.M.—

Sportometry—from Geometry. The triangles have become baseball diamonds, the circles are now baseballs; the parabolas are rugby balls and the perpendiculars form the goal-posts. A pleasant morning is spent on the campus.

Wednesday P.M.—

Halfology—from Biology. In other words a half-holiday.

Thursday A.M.—

Pilotry—from Chemistry. Everybody flies now. Having long since been tired of studying gases in the lab., we now fly in them to discover their properties.

Thursday P.M.—

Recreation—from Composition. A game of golf or tennis, a swim, any game of cards, or a good read all come under this subject. In other words the well-earned, unsupervised spare time.

Friday A.M.—

Mastery—from History, the only serious period of the week. This is the morning when we check up on our delinquent teachers, arrange school dances and form parties, and discuss other things necessary for education.

Friday P.M.—

Et Cetera—from Latin. We leave this period to your imagination. What will you be doing on Friday afternoons in 1959? Will you still be a student at Central?

THE END.



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H. CAREFOOT



B. QUIGLEY



A. MULIAN



D. MASON



D. FORSTER



C. MOFFAT



FORM 4D



I. NEATH



D. WALTERS



E. YOUNG



F. CROCSON



A. HUGH



C. RIDGEWAY



W. STEWART



G. CURRIE



I. GRANT



W. FAIR



G. ROBERTSON



V. SEIDEL



J. HALLS



F. BROWN



W. DUFF



J. FERGUSON



L. TENNAN



A. ZIFFLE

To 4D

"The time has come," the Walrus cried,
"To speak of many things——."

The time has come for form 4D to go forth after four years spent within the four walls of Regina Central. Too many fours? Not so for a group of students who have stood **four square** throughout their collegiate days.

The 4D of this year has established quite an enviable record for itself. From its ranks, leaders in Athletics, Dramatics, Elgar Club, and Students' Council activities have been selected. In fact, every school activity has found outstanding talent and staunch supporters in this class.

Your spirit of co-operation with, and friendly attitude towards the staff and your ready helpfulness towards your school and student body will long be remembered. In like measure as you have thus made your contribution to your Alma Mater, we trust that she has succeeded in contributing in worthy measure to the equipment of learning and character with which you now leave her halls to face the many practical problems of carving out careers as useful citizens capable of playing a worthwhile part in the up-building of our country.

As we bid you "adieu" we desire that you carry with you congratulations of the staff on the success you have already attained and our sincere wish that your future efforts along life's way will be equally successful.

Our parting message to you is this: "Believe in yourself, believe in humanity, believe in the success of your undertakings. Fear nothing. Love your work. Work, hope, trust, keep in touch with today. Teach yourself to be practical, up-to-date, and sensible. You cannot fail."

T. W. HUNT.

4D REUNION 1959

"Twenty-five years," said she with a sigh,
"When you were young and so was I
Remember the dear old school room
4D was known by most all,
How ink bottles used to hit with a boom
That echoed right out in the hall.
Remember our teachers so determined and sure
(At the first of the year that is)
How they tried to teach more than we could endure,
How vaguely we answered when quizzed."
"Don't forget," crowed the men in boyish glee,
"How boastful you girls became,
When six of the boys from old 4D
Made Central's team of rugby fame.
There was Doc and Barrett, they both played end,
And Robbie and Ridgeway both inside,

Ziffle had half-back place to defend,
 And for Forster, full-back, the girls sighed."
 "Win, Freddie and Frankie were on basketball teams,"
 The ladies then quickly replied.
 But Currie and Robbie and Ziffle it seems
 Were on teams too—the men strutted with pride.
 "Remember the play though," Marion cried.
 "Do you remember it? Myrtle! Ilene!
 And how for the cup with all others we vied;
 Eleanor! remember how Gene did scream?"
 "You sure won the cup," said Bill with a grin,
 "And you placed it where all could see;
 And you used to get mad when we threw chalk in
 Oh! the others did that . . . not me."
 For chem. lab. assistants we had Cooke and Harry,
 And Gordon, who gave us our keys.
 In the Physics lab we used to be merry
 While playing with electricity.
 Oh, J. S. and Don, Culbert and Doc,
 Watched us quite closely you know—
 To see that we broke not the expensive stock,
 'Cause it sure cost a lot of dough.
 "Then remember," said Terry to Frankie, wiping away
 a tear,
 "How we always sat together for French in that last
 year;
 And 'most every time the attendance was checked,
 How Prue would be sitting with Mary.
 How often in 4D discipline was wrecked."
 Frankie sobbed, "I remember Terry."
 "I remember Cooke with his drawings, was always a
 whiz;
 Now he's an artist of great renown.
 An' Marion Helm went with the Titian-haired "Liz;"
 The twins made us puzzle and frown.
 "And Minnie and Lily were teachers" said Dot,
 "And were respected by **our** teachers;
 I wonder how teachers feel to be taught,
 When they're the preached to, not the preachers."
 Marg, Agnes and Jack just came part of the day
 We certainly thought they were lucky.
 And Bud Sneath could argue with teachers anyway;
 My Gosh! was that boy plucky!
 "And say," Moffat said, "How could you forget,
 Our party at Jean Jackson's home.
 We danced and played games and later we "et;"
 "And how we did eat," the crowd moaned.
 "Oh, yes, and recall the school Perroquet,
 Win Stewart sold it to you 4D's.
 And can you recall? I can any day,
 How she asked for "initials please."

For the 4th year edition (the best of them all).
 Jean Ferguson wrote up our news.
 N' Winnie Dufty wouldn't be Winnifred at all
 If we gave her the right to choose.
 And don't forget Winnie Fair's French accent.
 Can she talk French now? Mais oui!
 And Vic Seibel on the French trail was also bent,
 She talked like a seasoned Frenchie.
 And Norm Thomson could be so nonchalant
 When he was answering any questions.
 And Lila was quiet and shy, didn't rant
 Like others when giving suggestions.
 Len answered the door and that is some job,
 But it's a post he said he enjoyed,
 But when speeches and toasts up did bob
 Oh, those were enjoyed by Lloyd."
 "And remember," Anne chuckled and Doris did smile,
 "How Dot hated to cut up bugs."
 She looked as though she'd run a mile
 By her upturned hands and shrugs.
 Dot chummed with Beth who was in Elgar Club.
 My, how that club could sing.
 And Alf talking to Eleanor was the rub.
 That made teachers yodel and our heads ring.
 There was a pause, and a hush stole o'er them all
 A hush then a murmur a roar.
 "Mr. Hunt," they all shouted, "By Sts. Peter and Paul,"
 A prince of a fellow and never a bore.
 When teaching or talking Mr. Hunt was all right,
 And he worked for us 4D's with all of his might."
 The 4D reunion was the talk of the town,
 As a highlight of history we know it's gone down.
 In twenty-five years we'll be meeting again.
 So au revoir, adios, I'll be seeing you then.

FOUR DEE FARCES I'M THROUGH

The sofa sagged in the middle,
 The shades were pulled just so,
 The family had retired,
 The parlor light burned low.
 There came a sound from the sofa,
 The clock was striking two,
 The senior slammed his textbook
 With a thankful, "Well, I'm through."

Ivan Sneath: "Mamma, vot do cows live on?"
 Mamma: "Fodder, mine dear."
 Ivan Sneath: "My ain't he generous!"



M. BEARLE



T. SMITH



P. BOHILLER



R. WARKNESS



C. MUNROE



M. MACRAE



G. McLACHLAN



N. WILSON



H. LEODETT



I. BEAN



E. EDGERS



G. MEIER



P. MILLIGAN



W. MORTON



A. GRANT



FORM 4F



N. TANNER



G. McCLUNG



L. McCOMBIE



L. BURNETT



H. SREZEVER



B. GANGHORN



O. PAGE



F. CRAWFORD



H. TABER



B. EDELSTEIN



S. CHMELNITSKY



A. KING



A. MURRAY



E. HORNOI



M. COPEMAN



M. GASPAR



V. LEIGH



R. MOSS

To 4F

Once again it is time to say farewell to a graduating class. Only yesterday you joined a group of students known as 4F, tomorrow you become members of other groups interested in many things.

The conclusion of training for any activity in life is an epoch. It marks the end of the stress and strain of certain preparation and the beginning of a new battle. To some that battle will be further preparation for a profession or a trade, at University or other educational institution. To others it will be a battle in the world of business. You must all move on, no one can stand still. Thus it is not a contradiction of terms that the closing exercises of the Collegiate are called "Commencement." Go forward! Give the best you have to what ever you undertake. Remember that true education is not how much you know but how well you think.

Determination and perseverance have been necessary to complete your High School course; they will be even more necessary to your further progress. The world needs young men and women who can think clearly, who have a goal in life, and with the ability and courage to keep working towards it.

"Success! It's found in the soul of you
And not in the realm of luck!
The world will furnish the work to do,
But you must furnish the pluck.
You can do whatever you think you can,
It's all in the way you view it.
It's all in the start you make, young man;
You must feel that you're going to do it."

In extending greetings and congratulations upon the successful outcome of your student efforts, I desire likewise to convey to you all my best wishes for the successful discharge of your new duties and obligations. I have enjoyed being your form teacher and I hope you will have some pleasant memories of the hours spent in 4F.

W. E. PERKINS.

4F's WAY BACK WHEN — —

It is the year 1909. The sun shines brightly upon a little red school-house. The time is 8.55 a.m. In the doorway stands an upright man with glasses, frantically ringing a cow-bell. Lightly tripping up the path they come, boys and girls, blondes, brunettes and red heads, (there were no platinums yet, dear reader) gaily swinging their lunch pails. A short man with a shock of black hair shouts lustily, "Only a minute to go, young ladies!"

In the 4F class-room a group of girls are huddled furtively around a small, tin cover serving as a mirror. "Oh, girls!" cried Vera Leigh, "Have you seen my new, high-laced boots?" There in the corner Marg. Wilson is hurriedly adjusting her bustle.

The bell rings. The files are quickly organized, Margaret Brock and Bill Morton, the monitors, bark out commands. "Distance take! Blank file! Mark time—forward, march!"

The class-room is soon filled and the slim young form-teacher enters.

"Good morning, dear Teacher, good morning to you!"

Mr. Perkins smiles his own inimitable smile and says: "Good morning pupils and how are we all today?"

A scream breaks in and after the smoke clears away, there, on top of desk, her ankles boldly revealed is Alma Grant, "Oh, Mr. Perkins!" she falters, "It was a mouse! I know it was. I saw Craig swinging it by the tail." Quickly the uproar is put down by the gentle but firm hand of Mr. Perkins and the Algebra class begins. The front of the room concentrates its attention on the blackboard while titters are heard from the back. There is a sound of argument and Hilda Leggett whispers, "Gordon MacLachlan, if you don't stop pulling my braid, I'll tell on you!"

"Sissy," hisses Tommy Smith, who scorns to play with girls.

Mr. Perkins whirls about, "MacLachlan," with icy sarcasm, "Perhaps you'd like to sit with Hilda?" A deep red slowly creeps up to Curly's ears. He looks sheepish.

"Teacher, may I leave the room?" pipes up Louise Burnett. "Abie spilt ink all down my pinafore and its my second-best one too!"

"Yes, my child," says the master, fondly patting the dark curls.

The rest of the morning passes uneventfully enough except for George Page putting gum on Craig's seat and making him sit there steadily for two hours, and Annabel Murray and Norma Tanner caught exchanging notes about their Easter bonnets.

The cow-bell soon rang the noon hour and out troops the class. Madeleine le Roy shyly deposits a rosy apple on teacher's desk and receives in return a beaming smile. (Mr. Perkins likes apples!) Lunch baskets are opened and bites are shared. There in the corner Francis Crawford is watching a tall, fair boy carve initials on the bark of the old apple tree. Now the boys manfully play dubs, while the girls blithely skip double dutch.

Rest period is over and everyone begins brushing up, for it is Friday afternoon, parents' day. Hair ribbons gaily perked, and hair neatly brushed back in the pompadour style, the boys and girls return to good old 4F.

At the back of the room sit the proud mothers with starch shirt waists and Mae West hats, and the fathers, looking wretched and uncomfortable in high white collars and black bow ties. First there is singing, and how the fresh, young voices ring out to the strain of "If you should chance to pass our way," (yes, dear readers, they sang it even then).

Then Irwin Bean gets up, clears his throat and begins: "To be or not to be," and with promptings from the whole front row, he finishes in a rush of words, completely overcome by his own eloquence. Next Abie Berezever gives his oration on what this world needs (and I don't think he advocates that 5c cigar either!) Next we have a duet by Pearl Schiller and Sophie Chmelnitsky. Finally Mr. Perkins speaks to the parents discussing everyone with a pleased air.

Again the good old cow-bell and another day is over; (Aintch' glad).

IN THAT "FIVE MINUTES TO GO!"

Mr. Perkins, weary and disgusted, took out his Big Ben for the tenth time (you know—the one with the alarm that so rudely disturbs us when we are peacefully sleeping) and found that there was still five minutes to go. However, every minute counts (sounds like a prize fight) and still that five minutes—so he pounced on one of his victims.

"Well, my proud and haughty beauty," he thundered at Pearl Schiller, as he caressed the waxed end of his moustache, "Answer me this: If a hen and a half laid an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many bananas are there in a pound of tea, and give your answer in razzberries."

The young lady paled slightly, gulped, then cleared her throat, rose to her feet and, in a manner, worthy of Miss Tingley's gym training, answered the problem in a clear sparkling manner (thanks to Sal Hepatica each morning).

Perky—we in 4F call him that 'cause we are just one big happy family (ouch! I'm sorry, Mr. Perkins)—well, anyway, teacher was pleased at her ready answer, but, true to an old Perkins' custom, sprung a surprise and asked Muriel Copeman, who was snoring rather loudly, the very same question.

She, unfortunate wretch (reminds me of French authors) had neglected to listen and was unable to oblige. Assistance from Peg Milligan, sitting just behind her, however, helped to appease the wrath of the "friend of the people" and he turned to give his undivided attention (?) to Craig Munroe (there was a man) who was asking another question. (You see, Craig makes it a practice to ask more questions than any one else in 4F and what questions).

"Good gosh, man! I've answered that question a thousand times, if I've answered it once, but I'll tell you once more, just what I have told every student in this room over and over again."

"The same old line," Esther Essers was heard to murmur disappointedly, for everyone knows how Perky threw her over, and all because she stayed away from school the Thursday morning of the Easter Algebra Exam.

"Go after business," sounds like good advice, until you remember where business has gone.

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SPORTS



YESTERDAY IN SPORT

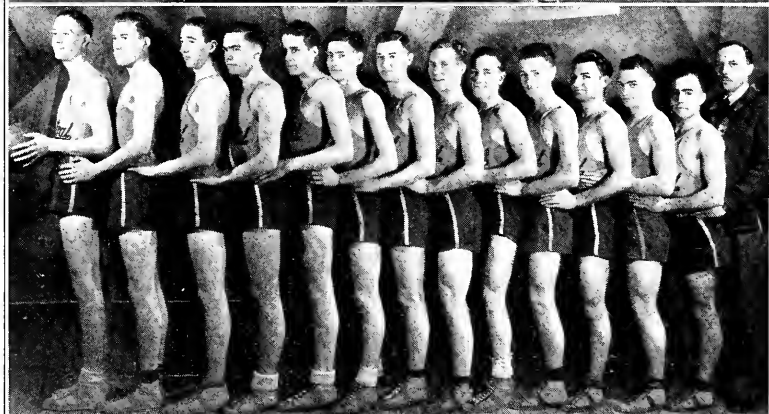
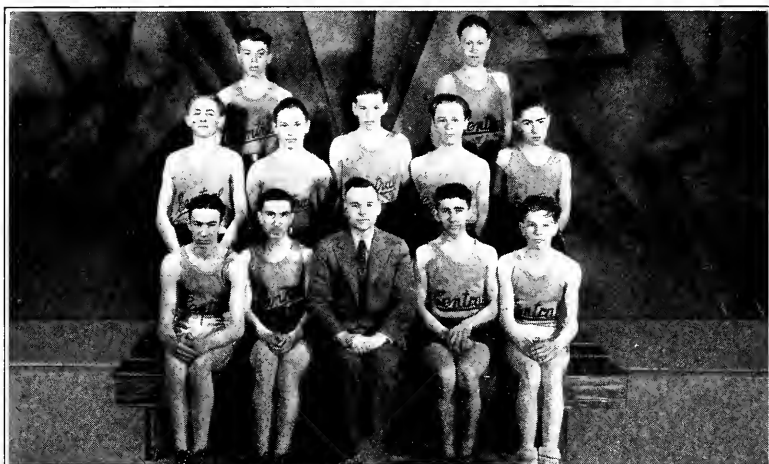
From the very beginning of its existence Central ("The" Collegiate of the earlier days) has been growing both in dimensions and outlook. Not content with her lot she has striven for the better and finer thing thereby obtaining true progress. Through the years there has been a steady increase in enrollment of students, of teachers, new buildings to house them, extra subjects added to the curriculum, finer equipment in the labs, up-to-date books in the library, and many more things in the ever onward trend.

But what of sports! Has there been advancement, growth, improvement in the sports and sportsmanship of the school? The answer to this question is very dubious.

Not many people will forget the 1911 hockey season when four players, Austin Cresswell, Hick Abbott, Freddy Wilson and Bill Laird, were accepted from the Collegiate team to fill a gap in the Regina Vics incurred by the formation of the Pro. League. In 1914 this team, including the first three of the above mentioned players, won the Allan Cup, the first and so far the only time the trophy has been in Regina. Those were the good old days. Hick Abbott who was killed in the war in 1918, played for the Roughriders and managed them for one season. Beattie Ramsay attended Collegiate in 1913, was Captain of the Toronto Varsity Allan Cup Team, and also played Pro. Hockey for Toronto Maple Leafs. Puss Traub who attended the same year as Beattie Ramsay, later played Pro. hockey for Regina and Portland. Then in more recent years, Eddie Wiseman who plays for the Detroit Red Wings.

This winter Central didn't even have a rink. Is that progress?

Now aside from hockey, Central has produced in the past years many outstanding all-round athletes. Among them, our own Don. S. MacMurchy who excelled in the 440. Also Jack Campbell, one of the best baseball players Regina has known. Two outstanding track men were Walter Hastings and Fred Wilson



now both residing in Regina. In 1922 there was a boy attending Central who in 1932 wrestled for the world's heavy weight championship, Earl McCready. There are many more names, sufficient to fill a volume.

At the present time we have material for even greater athletes, it takes only the ambition to succeed and the determination to work for that success. Remember even a fan can be a good sport.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Shortly after the beginning of the school year the Students' Athletic Association was reorganized. This year it was decided to have the girls and boys associations work together. A meeting of all students was held in the auditorium, nominations were received for offices and the following were elected:

President—Dave Spencer.

Vice President—Sybil Durrant.

Secretary—Kay Rutherford.

Committee—Anne McRae, Heck Jones; Nona Noonan, Dot Cullum, Pat Cruickshank (chosen by the staff).

Staff Representatives—Miss Tingley and Mr. Myatt.

MIDGET BOYS' BASKETBALL (upper group)

Back Row—A. Hemstreet, C. Cushing.

Middle Row—W. Donison, C. Bonseigneur, E. Sparks, J. Ring, R. Copeland.

Front Row—J. Anderson, G. Camburoff, Mr. Greenough (Coach), F. Feiffer, T. Larkin.

SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL (centre group)

Left to right—G. Mortimer, E. Petersmeyer, H. Head, G. Robertson, W. Petersmeyer, B. Isman, D. Kahn, T. Smith, C. Gancheff, G. Curry, A. Ziffle, K. Goldie, G. Page, Mr. Myatt.

JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL (lower group)

Back Row (left to right)—J. Kerr, H. Peckinpaugh, E. Stock.

Middle Row—E. Hunter, E. Ploss, D. Allen, L. Wickerson, E. Doan.

Front Row—S. Abrams, G. Gordon, F. Cavanagh (Capt.), Mr. Cooper (Coach), I. King, G. Bujea.

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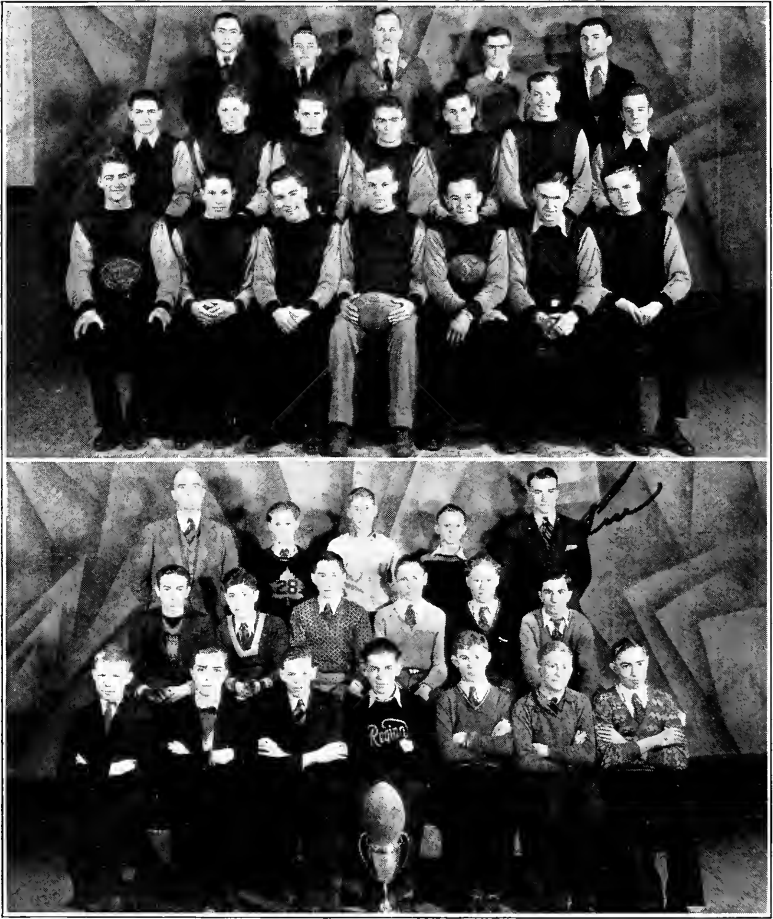
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R.C.C.I. for their patronage dur-
ing the past season, and hopes to
serve you in future.



SENIOR RUGBY (upper group)

Back Row (left to right)—F. Black, L. Barrett, Mr. Myatt, J. Bogden, A. Ziffle.
 Middle Row—M. Pukesh, R. Edwards, W. Petersmeyer, D. MacGregor, E. Petersmeyer,
 H. Green, P. Cruickshank.
 Front Row—J. Protopapas, A. Edwards, D. Forster, J. Hornibrook (Capt.), C. Gancheff,
 D. Spencer, G. Robertson.

MIDGET RUGBY (lower group)

Back Row (left to right)—Mr. Oliver, J. Tennian, D. Smith, M. Jordan, Ken Goldie (Coach).
 Middle Row—J. Anderson, R. Lennox, C. Head, C. Bonseigneur, C. Cushing, G. Camburoff.
 Back Row—G. Blair, C. Cohen, E. Sparks, W. Powley (Capt.), D. Craddock, R. McGill,
 R. Copeland.



RUGBY



SENIOR RUGBY

Mr. Myatt had the assistance of two well known Roughriders this year to help coach the Senior team—Chas. Harrison, kicking ace, and S. Findley, line stalwart. They did much to improve the team which started the season with many inexperienced players. The team put up a real battle in every game and won their share.

John Hornibrook—half—captain of the team, has seen three years' service with the Pats—a tower of strength on the defence and fast on the attack.

Lindsay Holt—quarter back—a real field general—specializes in running back kicks and keeps the team on their toes.

Don Forster—half—a tricky broken field runner, helps with the kicking.

Adolphe Ziffle—half—exceptionally good line plunger—backs the team up like a veteran.

Frank Black—half—good ball carrier—a fast man—hard to stop.

Carl Gancheff—half—second year with Seniors—an elusive runner who gained a lot of yards. Throws the forward passes.

Lloyd Barrett—end—one of last year's Juniors—exceptionally good tackler—also relief quarter-back.

Aubrey Edwards—snap—puts the ball where it is wanted and smears all plays through centre.

Rex Edwards—middle—the “big train”—consistent yard gainer—has fine prospects.

Ed. Petersmeyer—inside—one of the big boys—good defensive player and always dangerous.

Warren Petersmeyer—end—big and fast—can catch a pass anywhere within a city block.

John Bogden—end—a last year's Junior—smart player—tackles hard and consistently.

Dave Spencer—inside—a track man with speed to burn—second year with Seniors.

Dave MacGregor—inside and middle—a regular brick-wall defence man—lots of fight in him.

Jim Pappas—middle—played 60 minutes of each game—stopped many a scoring threat.

Pat Cruickshank—end—this stocky little end is a good tackler and useful to the team.

Harry Green—inside—big and fast—puts his whole heart into the game.

Harold Carefoot—utility—new to the game this year—developed into a valuable man.

Gordon Robertson—middle—good defence man—plays a real steady game—will go a long way.

Mike Pukesh—end—a consistent tackler—clips with the best of them.

Cy Ridgeway—utility—a big boy who uses his weight to advantage—good prospects.

Ross Barlow—inside—newcomer to Seniors—a valuable man at the end of the season.

JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

The Junior Rugby squad (arrayed in new sweaters) was coached by Mr. Perkins, Mr. Griffin, and Hec Jones—a Pat Rugby star. Although not winning the cup they were in there in every game, winning one from Commercial and being defeated by Technical and Champion. Special mention goes to George Bujea, star middle, who received the honor of being "Star of the Week" on one occasion. Hal Pearlman sported a sling on his right arm for about a month after the first game. This was the only casualty.

Quarter-back—Fred Bond, (Captain).

Backfield—Lockhart, Duncalfe, Seythes, Allen, Peckinpough, Kerr.

Line—Baker, Robertson, MacRae, Wickerson, Moore, Bujea, Donahue, Crossley, Pearlman, Bratt, McEwen, Robb, Salmond.

MIDGET RUGBY TEAM

The Midgets won the Regina Intercollegiate Midget Rugby championship and are holders of the Gyro cup for the year. The 110 pounders put a lot of fight in their games and provided some of the best rugby entertainment of the season. The team was coached by Mr. Oliver, who had the valued assistance of Ken Goldie, a Pat rugby star.

Team—W. Powley, (Captain); J. Anderson, R. Copeland, C. Cohen, C. Head, H. Guest, C. Bonseigneur, E. Sparks, D. Craddock, B. Franzen, G. Camburoff, C. Knight, R. Lennox, J. Tennian, G. Smith, M. Jordan, D. Smith, C. Cushing, J. Stewart, G. Blair, C. McLellan, K. Stewart.

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BASKETBALL



SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL

The Senior team finished second in the league this year, one point behind the winners. They defeated Campion, Luther and Regina Colleges and Normal in exhibition games. With a little more experience this team would have been hard to beat as the boys had height and speed. "Bus" Haugh, who assisted with the coaching, taught the boys among other things—how to shoot. The team was very fortunate in having Mr. Haugh to help them.

Bus Haugh—coach—known all over Canada for his ability as a player. If there were more coaches like Bus, Collegiate Basketball would be a better and cleaner game.

Mr. Myatt—the old reliable of Central's teams. He and Bus Haugh made the best team they could for Central.

Ed. Petersmeyer—centre—"Big Pete" to his friends—tall—gets his share of tip-offs. Nice shot close in.

Bernie Isman—forward—moves around a lot and goes in for speed—can shoot from all angles.

Jeff Mortimer—forward—a nice all-round player and sure can sink one-handed shots.

Harry Head—forward—fast forward and sometimes used as relief centre—can be relied upon to score from practically any position.

Glen Currie—forward—another fast player—keeps the opposition on the move watching him. His long shots are uncanny.

Geo. Page—guard—small, but is always where he is needed. First class dribbler.

Dave Kahn—guard—cool, steady player—rarely tries for basket himself, but gives openings to the forwards.

Adolphe Ziffle—guard—a good defence man with a lot of experience behind him. Keeps the opposition's score low.

Gordon Robertson—guard—sticks with his man—nice shot under the basket.

Carl Gancheff—guard. Carl is a fast player, good both on the offensive and defensive—a good dribbler and an accurate shot.

Tom Smith—forward—smooth player—makes clean passes.

Ken Goldie—forward. Ken's first year in basketball and he sure showed them. Go to it Ken!

Warren Petersmeyer—center—a great team player—supplies his wing men with plenty of openings—can shoot especially well from under the basket.

JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL

The Junior team finished their schedule without a loss. In a two game series with Moose Jaw Central Collegiate they won the first game at home, but lost the second and round at Moose Jaw.

This is the third time in succession that the team have won the Kinsmen Cup, emblematic of City Intercollegiate Junior Championship.

Mr. Cooper—spent much time coaching the team and developing high-calibre combination.

Forbes Cavanagh—Captain—plays centre—third year as a Junior. Has proved a valuable player.

Edwin Doan—left-wing man. Has a knack of finding the hoop from the corners.

Gerald Gordor—plays right-wing to complete first string forwards. Tricky as well as a playmaker.

Lorne Wickerson—right guard.

Peter Noble—left guard.

Between these two stalwart defencemen many an opposing forward has had difficulty in finding the hoop.

Ivan King—Centre—fast as well as evasive. Another big help to the team.

Harold Peckinpau—a forward—held down the left-wing. Always there for the baskets.

Jack Kerr—had hard luck in shooting this year but passes well.

George Bujea—right guard.

Ernest Ploss—left guard.

These two boys improved a great deal during the year and showed themselves to be a fine pair of guards.

Duncan Allen—forward—fathomed the secrets of the game and seemed to have that scoring ability.

Stanley Abrams—forward—good dribbler. Fairly fast.

Ed Stock—a late comer. In another year Ed will be able to show his true colors.

Elmer Hunter—forward—smooth passer and fitted into plays well.

MIDGET BOYS' BASKETBALL

The Midget boys' basketball team won the intercollegiate city league for players 110 lbs. or under after being forced into a tie in league points. In the playoff with Scott C.I. the Centralites were victorious by a 43/20 margin. The team was ably coached by Mr. Greenough who took over an inexperienced group and made them into an efficient playing unit.

Team—G. Camburoff (Captain), F. Feiffer, E. Sparks, J. Anderson, A. Hemstreet, C. Cushing, W. Donison, C. Bonseigneur, A. Ring, R. Copeland, T. Larkin and M. Vollet.

SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Our heartiest congratulations to the Senior Girls' Basketball team. Not content with clinching the inter-collegiate honors, they successfully threw off the threat of the Moose Jaw champions by defeating the "Y" to become Southern Provincial Champions.

The Inter-collegiate League this year consisted of five teams all fairly evenly matched, and it was not without considerable difficulty that Central "nosed out" Scott for the league leadership.

In the playoffs for Southern Provincial honors against Moose Jaw a home and home series was arranged. The first game at Moose Jaw gave the "Y" a comfortable margin of 9 points. But the Centralites were not to be beaten so easily, and in the return game played their hardest and won the series by two points. By this victory the girls were given the opportunity of travelling to Saskatoon to meet the Commercial Grads for the Murray Cup.

Arrangements being made, the team motored to Saskatoon on Good Friday. The first game was played that night and although the girls were tired after their long trip, they were defeated by only two points. They played a smart brand of basketball but weakened in the dying moments of the game. The second game played on Saturday night was a fine display of fast basketball, and although they lost by one point, they were right in there all the time and never stopped fighting until the last whistle blew. Unfortunately the team had to do without Joyce Charlton, who was the worry of every opposing team during the season. Joyce, through illness, was unable to accompany the team.

The girls owe the major portion of their success to the patience and able coaching of Miss Tingley and Mr. Myatt.

The Team

Dorothy Cullum—One of the veterans of the team, having completed her fourth year as one of the most dependable defence stars.

Joyce Charlton—Another veteran, but showing her prowess on the forward line.

Hilda Leggett—Saskatoon's gift to Central, as forward has starred for two years on the school's championship teams.

Nona Noonan—with Joyce and Hilda, forms one of the highest scoring forward lines in Regina Inter-Collegiate basketball league.

Louise Deacon—Promoted from last year's Junior team, has held her place on the fast travelling seniors as forward.

Frances Crosson—Burst into glory on the Senior team, without previous playing experience with Central teams. Is a valuable player either as a defence or forward.

Olive Demchuk—Being only in first year, has made the old-timers move for she shows her ability on both forward and defensive lines.

Dorothy Bruce—Jump centre promoted from last year's Juniors, has played consistently all season.

Marion Searle—Learned her basketball two years ago with the Juniors, and, after a year's rest proceeded to show the Senior team how to play defence.

Isabel Scrimgeour—Another Junior promoted from last year, has amply justified the confidence in giving her a regular position as a guard.

Myra Douglas—Started the season as an outstanding guard on the Junior team, but was forced to desert the Juniors for better company, and teams along with the others on the defence.

Marion Thomson—Got in the habit of winning games all by herself on this year's Junior team, so the Senior forwards had to move over and include her in their charmed circle.

JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The Junior Section of the Interscholastic League was enlarged this year to include two teams from Central. Besides "A" and "B" schools from Central, there were teams from Normal, Regina College, Commercial and Technical schools. The schedule allowed for home and home games with each team.

The "A" school team was made up of Una Athey, (Capt.); Dorothy Kendall, Ina Disbrow, Anne MacRae, Dorothy Doan, Lou MacDonald (Forwards); Jane Wright, Maureen Trimble, Eleanor Syzsky, Ruth Handly, Bernice Flewelling, Phyllis Cowan, Bella Schwartzfield, (Guards). They were coached by Hec Jones, well known Central athlete. The "A's" with less experience than the "B's" did well, winning four games.

The "B" school team, less fortunate, won three games. They were defeated twice at the hands of Commercial, and once by "A" school. The second meeting of the "A's" and the "B's" resulted in a 14/14 tie.

The "B" school had a large roster of players from which were selected Elsie Schick, Tillie Schick, Grace Wilkie, Irene Lockwood, Dorothea Kinney, Mary McLeod, Winnie Stewart, Eleanor Brown, Margaret Lowthian, Norma Lunam, Lyle Bing, Mary Speers, Beryl Johnstone, Wilmotte White, Phyllis Brady. Marion Thomson and Myra Douglas were moved up into senior company near the end of the season. The team practised faithfully under the supervision of Miss Tingley.

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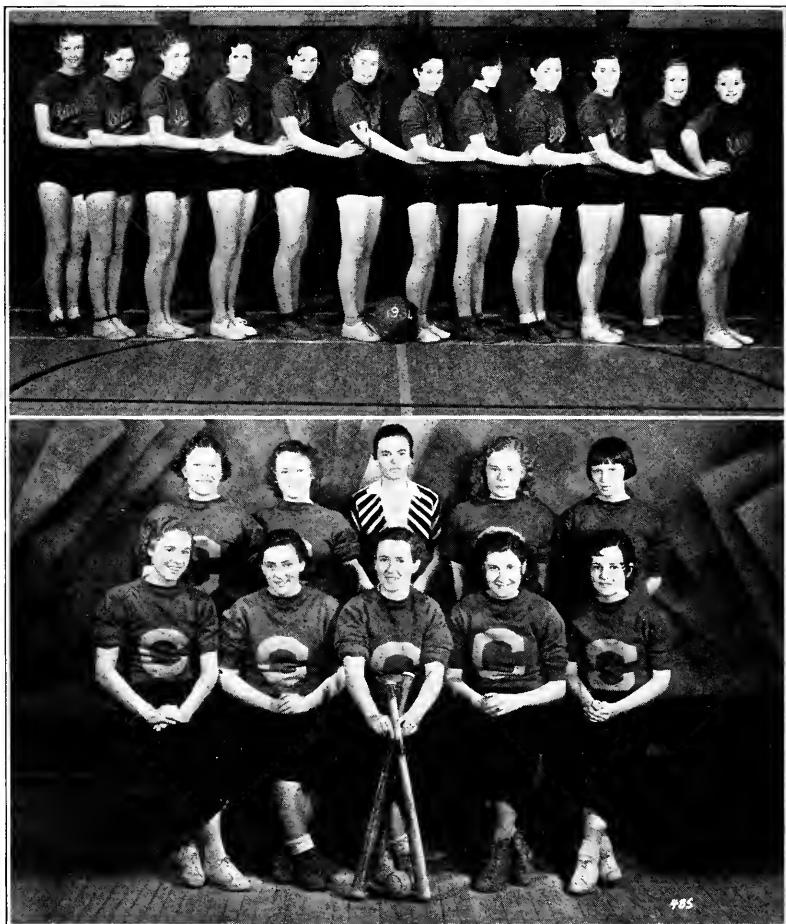
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SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL (upper group)

Left to right—D. Bruce, M. Douglas, D. Cullum, M. Searle, O. Demchuk, L. Scrimgeour, M. Thomson, F. Crosson, N. Noonan, H. Leggett, L. Deacon, J. Charlton.

SENIOR GIRLS' BASEBALL (lower group)

Back Row—(left to right) S. Durrant, J. Gillis, Miss Tingley (coach), I. Scrimgeour, F. Crosson,
 Front Row—D. Cullum, N. Noonan, D. McKenzie, M. Huddleston, M. Thomson.



BASEBALL



BOYS' BASEBALL

The "B" school softball team was successful in the playoffs and defeated Tech, Commercial and "A" school to win the competition of the year. Owing to the shortness of the season only a limited schedule could be played. Mr. Cooper had charge of the team.

Baseball under Mr. F. Howard got under way again in Central and although handicapped through not being allowed to use our own grounds for this type of game, they put up some excellent exhibitions against other schools. More teams are expected in the future.

SENIOR GIRLS' SOFTBALL

During the Spring of 1933 a well organized softball team was formed under the efficient coaching of Miss Tingley. Although there was no league, games were played with different schools. The team was as follows: Mae Huddleston and Marj. Drake, pitchers; Sybil Durrant, catcher; Dot Cullum, first base; Jean Gillis, second base; Rae Salter and Nona Noonan, third base; Louise Deacon, short-stop; fielders, Doris MacKenzie, Winnie Lake, Frances Crosson, Isabel Scrimgeour and Marian Thomson.

Softball for this year is not yet under way, but a team is now being formed under the supervision of Miss Tingley. The lineup will probably be the same with the exception of Jean Gillis, Rae Salter, and Marj. Drake who are now attending other schools, but Olive Demchuk, a newcomer, will succeed Marj. as assisting pitcher.

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SENIOR BOYS' SOFTBALL (upper group)

Back Row (left to right)—G. Capraru, J. Gass.

Middle Row—L. Holt, F. Mason, D. Dewson, H. Dane, G. Currie.

Front Row—G. Potts, W. Kennedy, Mr. Cooper (coach), C. Gancheff, A. Ziffle.

JUNIOR TRACK AND FIELD DAY WINNERS (lower group)

Back Row—Mr Myatt, D. Cullum, M. Kaleniuk, F. Feiffer, D. Cross, Miss Tingley.

Front Row—D. MacLean, D. Spencer, G. Potts, J. Gass.



TRACK



FIELD DAY

Field Day, the biggest sport event of the school year which officially opens the year's programme of athletics was held on Friday, October 6th. The weather was excellent and the new field was in fine shape for a complete programme of events. Staff and students alike forgot their school work and gave their support to make this year's field day one of the best we have had. A refreshment booth in the centre of the field supplied the needs of the spectators and contestants. Keen competition in all events provided plenty of excitement to all who attended. Preliminaries had been run off in all classes previously on account of large entries and only the finals were necessary. A large banner for competition between "A" and "B" schools was won by "B" school.

In Senior Girls' events, Dorothy Cullum placed first and Dorothy Brook second. Marg. Carefoot and Dorothy Bruce were tied for third.

In Junior Girls, Mary Kaleniuk ranked first, Bernice Barlow second and Gwen MacLachlan third.

In Midget Girls, Doris Cross ranked first, Pat Farnsworth second and Una Athey third.

"A" school girls won the relay from "B" school.

Senior Boys' Champion—Gerald Potts.

Runner up—A. Ziffle.

Junior Boys' Champion—Forbes Cavanagh.

Runner up—Allan Scythes.

Midget Champion—Fred Feiffer.

Runner up—E. Sparks.

BOYS' TRACK TEAM

At the annual Track and Field meet sponsored by the Athletic council of the University of Saskatchewan and held in the University Stadium at Saskatoon, May 18th and 19th, 1933, our Junior Boys' team won the Junior Provincial Championship and the Eclectic Club Trophy for a year. All schools in the province sent competitors and Central can be proud of its team in winning against such excellent competitors.

The team consisted of Gerald Potts, Dave Spencer, Don MacLean, Forbes Cavanagh and Jim Gass. Mr. Myatt had charge of the team and coached them.

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ACTIVITIES

A CONTRAST

We, the ambitious and fame-seeking youth of Central have enjoyed ourselves at **four** (no less) school dances. We came attired in the conventional (or supposedly so) dress of the modern day Collegian. The boys wore single-breasted suits with floppy, 22 inch trousers, their bottom vest button invariably undone, soft shirts, loud ties and a bright handkerchief stuck in their breast pocket. The girls were dressed in outfits which varied from blouses and skirts to afternoon dresses. Of course added to this was the necessary make-up applied with an expert hand (in most cases). Dressed thus we executed (!) Paul Jones, tag and novelty dances with dexterity (not to mention our waltzes and five or ten yard dashes). Between numbers polite crowds thronged about the refreshment booth.

Now, feature us, if you can, attending the **Annual At Home** of 1912 at which the special guests were the parents and immediate friends of the students in attendance and the ex-students of the Collegiate. As I picture it, the boys of that day would be dressed in tight, peg-top trousers (whose 11 inch cuffs would just reach the top of their high shoes), short-sleeved coats, high, stiff collars, bow ties. The girls with their hair piled high would be sporting their long Sunday best, high (?), buttoned shoes and little, if any, make-up. Dancing was preceded by a Literary programme and augmented by lantern slides in the Physics Laboratory. "Dainty refreshments were served to the guests during the evening"—between numbers 3 and 9, to be exact. (P.S.—It took five committees, with no less than twelve members on each, to set up the programme).

One thing we seem to have agreed on is very ably expressed in the 1912 Annual—"the programme consisted mainly of games, dancing and *going home*." The italics are theirs.

Picture us also partaking of the warm mid-day lunch provided by the Home Arts Club in the days when the school **was** situated at the extreme south end of the city. In 1917 when the Club was first organized boys were not allowed (as if we could have a club today without them!) but the next year, after an earnest petition it was decided that they needed a warm lunch too. The girls sup-

plied a hot dish at 4 cents and cocoa and fruit at 2 cents each. Wish we could have gone back to that during the Depression.

Our freshly organized Student's Council whose activities may be found elsewhere had nothing on the one of former years which "supplied all necessary exercise books and blank paper at cost to students."

"Princess, I know I've missed a thrill or two,
But would I change my era? Frankly, no;
For I'd have missed the thrill of knowing this
If I had lived some centuries ago."

CHEMISTRY CLUBS

The SENIOR Club elected Helen Seymour, President; Courtney McEwen, Vice President; George Camburoff, Secretary; and a Committee of Gordon Cooke and Irwin Bean.

On Lab. Days several successful experiments were demonstrated. Irwin Bean burned ammonia in oxygen and made sulphuric acid by the Solway process. Roy Campbell treated us with a number of colorful ammonia fountains and Aubrey Edwards and Irwin Bean almost convinced us that all flame tests are the same.

Gordon Cooke put the grand finale to the Wednesday club meetings with a talk on the "Development of New Rays" and was saved from being downed by the volley of questions only by the bell.

The JUNIOR Club officers were, President, John Mutch; Vice President, Harold Jackson; Secretary, Marg Carefoot; and Committee, Marg Robinson and Harold Pawson.

Several interesting experiments were performed for the club by John Mutch, Don Whyte, Jack Reynolds and Dick Matthews; and the chief interest seemed to be in making flares, explosions and acetylene, not to mention snakes. Mr. MacMurchy also spoke to us on Petroleum.

JOINT ACTIVITIES: Mr. MacFarlane of the Imperial Oil Co., under the auspices of the Chemistry Club, interested a large audience in the Auditorium in March on the Explosion of Gases within a Motor. February 21—one of those nice cold windy days—an enjoyable visit was paid to the Imperial Oil Plant where we were shown into almost every nook and cranny by Mr. Wilson and other members of the staff.

Every other Saturday morning clouds of smoke greeted any trespassers into the Chemistry Lab and such times as we did have when those Third Years got loose. Never was there such experimenting on phosphine, ammonia fountains, soap, and how far we could go. We even hear that some industrious Fourth Years tried to manufacture Apple Cider.



Best of all we had Mr. MacMurchy ("Mac" to you and I) for our Staff Representative and he kept a close watch on both clubs at once.

COMMENCEMENT

Central's Twenty-fifth Annual Commencement was held on Friday, October 27th, in the Auditorium of the Normal School. With Mr. Henry Black in the chair, the event proceeded in its usual bright manner.

The guest of the evening, the Hon. M. A. MacPherson, gave an address, and at the conclusion presented the Governor General's medal, the University of Saskatchewan Scholarship, and Chief Justice Brown's medals for Junior and Senior Matriculation.

Edward Britten, winner of the Governor General's medal, then gave the valedictory address. Ed was well known in scholastic circles and his address proved most interesting to his fellow students.

Medals and Scholarships were presented by: Mr. A. Macbeth, Dr. Hugh McLean, Mr. D. F. Bond, Mr. Kenneth Blair, and our own Messrs. Scrimgeour and Campbell.

Entertainment was provided by the Orchestra and Elgar Club under Mr. Staples, pyramid building by the Boy's Gym Club, and dance numbers directed by Miss Tingley. Others assisting in the evening's entertainment were: Jean McKenzie, Ed Stock, Ross McRae and Lionel Allen.

BOYS' GYMNASIUM CLUB

The club had a very successful season with Ken Goldie as president and A. Hemstreet, A. Ziffle and G. Page on the programme committee.

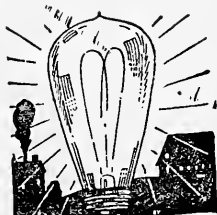
Les Waller greatly assisted the tumblers and although it takes some time to produce finished tumblers and gymnasts, yet the boys learned the fundamentals. They put on a demonstration at both Commencement and the Christmas Concert.

THE ELECTRICAL CLUB

The Electrical Club, under Mr. Clark's able leadership, commenced its activities early in January. At the first meeting the officers were elected, these being: Murray Auld, president; Roy Bing, secretary; and Doug MacNaughton.

During the course of the Club's existence several papers were given by members and also some practical demonstrations of electrical equipment.

One Saturday morning the members assembled at the school to be conveyed to the Power House where they made an interesting inspection of the plant. Owing to the short time allowed for meetings several excursions to various electrical concerns had to be cancelled.



THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT

The Christmas Concert this year was attended by even more than the usual success and quality of numbers found in preceding concerts sponsored by Central.

The programme was divided into two sections, "Toyland" and "Follies of 1933". "Toyland" contained several delightful dance numbers and antics by girls' and boys' gym classes. It ended with a successful rendering of Brahms' Lullaby.

The "Follies of 1933," with J. Lyman Potts and Lorne Church as Masters of Ceremonies was an interesting medley of skits, dances and choruses. The Magazine Rack and The Merry Widow Waltz were greatly applauded. The famous Freshman Quartette also made its first appearance.

After three great nights the curtain dropped on the event of the year which netted an appreciable profit. This was divided between school activities and the Cheer Fund.

CURRENT HISTORY and PUBLIC SPEAKING CLUB

The Current History and Public Speaking Club organized shortly after Christmas for the purpose of discussing important events of the day, and presenting them in the manner of public speeches.

The club, under the capable direction of Mr. J. E. R. Doxsee, elected the following students to the executive: President, G. Mann; Vice President, Craig Munroe; Secretary, Fredina Brown.

Among the wide variety of subjects discussed, "The National Recovery Act," and "The Wheat Agreement, as Affecting Canada," were among the most important. These two topics were outlined and delivered in an exceedingly excellent manner.

The club completed its activities the second week in March, having obtained a wealth of up-to-date and important knowledge of world events. We cannot stress too much the importance of such an organization as this as there can be little doubt, if we are going to find a way out of our present predicament, that we must have a thorough understanding of the problems that face us today.

ORATORY



Central's orators rather fell down this year—we're slipping!

No entries were made in the I.O.D.E. Contest but Geoffrey Mann, Ed Stock, Alma Grant, Philip Perry, Rod Dingwall and Muriel Anderson entered the Bryant Oratory Contest. Ed Stock won the Central preliminaries but unfortunately did not come out on top in the finish.

We mustn't let down our "Twenty-five Years of Progress" so here's more power to your lungs next year, Orators.

THE PERROQUET

This year, "The Perroquet," successor to "The Echo," has amazed its patrons by the clarity of its type and promising brilliance of its articles. The Students' Council was the first to say, "let's have a paper," and an editorial staff, with Isabel Hutcheson as editor-in-chief, was chosen and soon had the first edition ready for press. Meanwhile, Irwin Bean was being schooled in the Mysteries of Gestetner. By the time the paper was printed the business staff was ready to carry "The Perroquet" to the four corners of the school.

"The Perroquet" is a great improvement on any previous paper in the school. There have been twelve editions with a monster copy at Christmas. It was noticed, however, that a greater interest could have been shown by the student body as far as contributions were concerned. There were a few exceptions noticeable during the year, chiefly in the literary line. Next year, with editor, business staff and printers trained and ready, it is to be hoped the paper will exceed all others.

The staff under Isabel Hutcheson included:

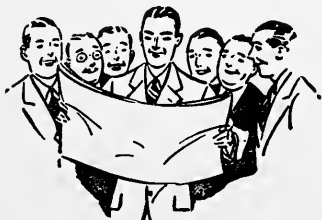
Assistant—George Thomson	Business Manager: Bob Orr
Literary—Asher Hayworth	Harry Green
Courtney McEwen	Circulation—Lorne Wickerson
Sports—Kay Rutherford	Treasurer—Muriel Anderson
Jim Gass	Jack Newby
Features—Murray Forbes	Printing—Irwin Bean
Artists—Manuel Rubenstein	Aubrey Edwards
Vasile Marchuk	Roy Bing
Advisor—Mr. R. W. W. Robertson.	Advisors—Mr. D. S. McMurchy
	Mr. McKenzie
	Mr. Clark

THE GLEE CLUB

One of the newest innovations during the past year was the formation of a Boys' Glee Club. Though lacking in experience the ability shown by the members shows that next year's club will be a credit to the Collegiate.

An organization of this sort has been lacking for several years and the club is hoping that next year boys, who are interested, have good voices, and an appreciation of music, will join. We have also been lacking in a cheering section and think that the two might be amalgamated. Mr. Griffin and Mr. Scrimgeour at least are determined to put this club over.

Through this medium, we might also take the opportunity of thanking Mr. McEachern and Mr. W. Haward for their splendid assistance.



SOCIAL

The dances were the big events on this season's social calendar. Each one of the four was voted "the best yet." Attendance, music and programmes were good. Much credit is due to the members of the committees who worked hard to put the dances over and to prepare some new novelty to attract the crowds. The Christmas dance was probably the most popular. The teachers received well-appointed gifts and the students, if lucky, the novelty prizes. Then the two dances for the Annual were also lots of fun.

Wouldn't a Fourth Year Tea Dance make an unforgettable farewell party?

TO EDNA YULE, Assistant Editor of the 1932-33 YE FLAME, we, the 1933-34 staff, on behalf of the staff and students of Central extend our heartiest congratulations. Edna in her Second Year Arts at Saskatoon has been awarded an Undergraduate Scholarship.

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THE ELGAR CLUB

The Elgar Club is under the direction of Mr. Staples. Its executive consists of President, Margaret McCombie; Vice President, Beth Quigley; Secretary, Esther Brandon; Treasurer, Mary McKenzie; Librarians, Mary Pinkney and Adele Saigeon; and Pianist, Phyllis Burrows.

On November 4 the girls held a very successful Hallowe'en Tea in the Auditorium. A prize was given for the best decorated table.

March 22 and 24 an Operetta, "The Wild Rose," was presented featuring Marg McCombie. A crowded house both nights enjoyed an excellent evening's entertainment with a splendid cast. The orchestra furnished the accompaniment. The proceeds of the Operetta were to enable the Orchestra to attend the Musical Festival in Winnipeg.

What has been stated as the best party of the year was held on April 20, when the club entertained the orchestra, the staff and immediate friends. Mr. Cooper was Master of Ceremonies for some games and Robbie's Revellers furnished the music for dancing. Novelties and refreshments were features of the evening.

We extend our congratulations to the Elgar Club and wish them the best of luck in the Provincial Festival.

BIOLOGY CLUB

"Oh, you cruel, cold-blooded creatures! You blood-thirsty boys!" Such remarks as these frequently greeted the Biology Club members as they busied themselves with the dissection of Milne's baby kittens and March's pet rabbits. The remarks of course, came from the weaker sex (those who love all beautiful things). But the dauntless, heartless youths went to work with a will and a desire to learn more about the "inside of things" and perhaps to contribute something worth-while to the field of science.

Great tribute is to be paid to our stalwart leader, Mr. Hunt, who, through thick and thin, guided our faltering fingers away from many disagreeable cuts.

Meetings were regular and punctual, the students even giving up their Saturday mornings in their enthusiasm for the study of Zoology. A flying visit to the Provincial Museum was undertaken from which a great amount of knowledge was gained. Mr. Bradshaw carefully explained many interesting things about our small, musical friends, the birds. Best of all, Mr. Bard, the Provincial Taxidermist, willingly consented to mount a



specimen in our presence so that we would understand the mystery of how animals and birds are mounted.

The club also enjoyed a most interesting lecture by Mr. E. H. M. Knowles, President of the Natural History Society, on "Birds and Animals of Saskatchewan." The slides shown were made from photographs taken by Mr. Knowles in his rambles across the province.

Altogether, we had a most successful year under president Vasile March; vice president, Don Milne; and secretary treasurer, Mary Beedle; and we hereby issue a challenge to the Biology Club of 1935 to surpass, if they can, the record set by the 1934 members.

CAMERA CLUB

At the first of the term the executive of the club consisted of Donald Whyte as president, Rachael Resch as vice president, and Mary Pinkney as secretary. Later Lloyd Maywood succeeded Rachael Resch as vice president and Muriel Barker succeeded Mary Pinkney.

Lectures on many subjects of use in good photography were given by Mr. Allan, who also demonstrated the developing of films and the printing of pictures. He accompanied the club on several hikes. On one of these, pictures were taken from the dome of the Parliament Buildings and on another occasion interior pictures were taken in the Parliament Buildings, especially of a large painting on view there.

A very successful exhibit of amateur, professional and commercial photography was held in the Collegiate Library just before Christmas. Many people attended the exhibit and expressed their appreciation.

After Christmas the practice of holding a monthly picture competition was adopted. Those developing and printing their own pictures handed them in to Mr. Allan who decided the winner. The members also experimented with time exposures in the basement of the Collegiate.

RADIO CLUB

At the first meeting of the Radio Club, J. Lyman Potts was elected president, Martin Wilkinson, vice president, and Dave McGregor, secretary treasurer. Suggestions included building a transmitter and a D.X. Contest. Mr. Oliver, the staff representative, aided greatly throughout the year in arranging programmes and supervising the activities of the club.

Wes Hodgson, Rex Edwards and Lloyd Maywood demonstrated the construction and workings of their various sets at the second meeting. A visit was paid to the C.K.C.K. studios and the equipment explained by Wilf Collier, the station's assistant engineer. C.H.W.C. was also explained in detail to the club. Martin Wilkinson spoke on the Theory of Radio, winding up the activities for the season.



OUR ART GALLERY

Did you ever realize that twenty-five years of progress has contributed some very fine pictures to Central's halls? I didn't either until the other day when I was talking to Miss Cathro in the Library.

The Elgar Club has given us three of them. The first, donated in 1925 after several years of work, is Homer Watson's "The Drover's Cottage," which hangs in the Auditorium. He is called the dean of Canadian landscape painters. His home is near Brantford, Ontario, and he has lived and worked all his life in Canada. This is probably the finest example of his work in the West and its counterparts found in the National Art Gallery at Ottawa, are valued at \$2,000. The second, on the east Auditorium wall, is "Muskoka," by James Henderson, our own Western artist. A third hangs in the Library, a Medici print of D. Y. Cameron's, "En Provence," representing a part of Old France.

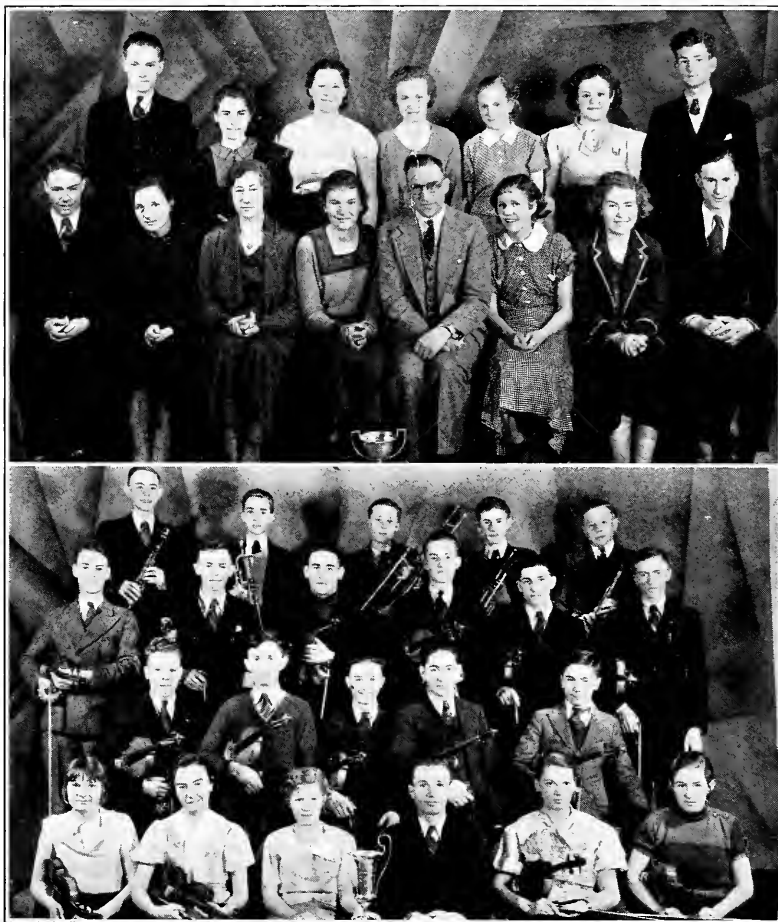
About the year '26, Central's Auditorium was the scene of one of the first Art Exhibits in Regina held by Richardson Brothers of Winnipeg. This exhibit lasted several days and as a result a watercolor seascape by an English artist, Birchill, and two Brewer etchings of the interior and exterior of Rheims Cathedral were added to our store. The former adorns one of the west walls of the Library and the latter two are in the Main Hall on either side of the Roll of Honor.

The Dramatic Club has presented four Medici prints. In 1931, "The Fighting Temeraire," by Turner, was added to the collection in the Auditorium; while "The Pilgrimage to Canterbury," by Thomas Stothard, "The Spinning Wheel," by Sir. W. Campbell Taylor, the original of which was hung in the Royal Academy, London, 1931, and "The City of London," by A. Canaletto, an old Italian artist, have been hung in the Library. This last is of special interest as it portrays the Thames of two hundred years ago painted by the Italian Master from the Terrace of Richmond House where he was a guest.

Several other fine etchings and Medici prints such as, Corot's "Spring," "In the Tier Garden, Berlin," "Where Shakespeare Sleeps," and Rembrandt's "Young Man Reading the Letter" can be seen in class rooms and throughout the halls. The very latest addition of all should be mentioned. It is a Mezzo-Tint by Tily—"The Fortune Teller," after the famous Sir Joshua Reynolds and was a donation from the old Alumni Association of Central. It hangs in the Library and is gaining new admirers every day.



—HELEN SEYMOUR.



DRAMATIC CLUB (upper group)

Back Row (left to right)—R. Dolan, I. Grant, G. Pounder, E. Young, M. Stevenson, R. Kennedy, H. Matthews.
 Front Row—F. Usher, J. Thornton, Miss MacMillan, M. Westgate, Mr. Cooper, K. Rutherford, A. Grant, C. McEwen.

ORCHESTRA (lower group)

Back Row (left to right)—J. Newby, R. MacRae, G. Wetzstein, D. Craddock, R. Finley.
 Third Row—K. Stillwell, R. Harper, J. Supynuk, R. Dolan, M. Pukesh, V. Byam.
 Second Row—J. Williams, S. Gitterman, W. Homenuk, J. Bronstone, W. Peters.
 Front Row—I. Fanning, L. Hills, P. Greenaway, Mr. Staples (Conductor); P. Milligan, J. Ralston.

THE ORCHESTRA

The orchestra this year has shown great improvement under our new conductor, Mr. Staples. It has ably assisted with many school activities including Commencement, the Christmas Concert, the Elgar Club Operetta and the Dramatic Club plays.

For the first time (first—be it noted!) the orchestra attended the Annual Easter Festival at Winnipeg and brought home the Western Canada High School Orchestra Cup which was formerly been held by St. James' Orchestra. The cup is for annual competition but we certainly hope it has found a permanent home.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

Our little craft has kept its course,
Since the day it first set sail;
And we wish the new crew best of luck,
That their plans will never fail.

Though the seas are sometimes stormy
And the skies are dull and gray,
Put your faith in good old R.C.I.
And the dawn of a better day.

We sincerely hope that the executive and members of next season's Dramatic Club will derive as much benefit and have as much fun as the executive and members of the present season. It is our fervent hope, that each year the club will achieve higher artistic standards and accomplish greater dramatic triumphs.

We know of no better way for those who have executive or dramatic ability to develop their talents than by active membership in the Collegiate Dramatic Club.

—KAY RUTHERFORD, President.

The Central Collegiate Dramatic Club organized earlier this year than previously with the executive honors going to Kay Rutherford, president; Alma Grant, vice president; Fred G. Usher, business manager; Courtney McEwen, Publicity Manager; and Joyce Thornton, secretary.

The excitement, the knocking knees of our budding dramatists (the Ethel Barrymores and the George M. Cohans of tomorrow) and the noise of crashing stage settings, as well as the very audible whispers of the calm and collected (?) dramatic artists, which even the efforts of our obliging Central Orchestra could not subdue, all combined to afford very pleasant, if somewhat amusing, evenings to our appreciative audiences.

The audience of February 24th was the first to see the attempts of the Dramatic Club: "My Lady's Lace," directed by Florence Powley of 3D; "Elizabeth Refuses," directed by Muriel Anderson of 4A; "The Oak



Settle," directed by Phyllis Perry of 3C; "The Scarecrow," directed by Marj. McInnis of 4A, were the plays scheduled for our first night. We enjoyed all the plays, particularly the dramatic ability portrayed by Bill Cowdry in his role as the scarecrow.

The plays of March 3rd were indeed very cleverly done: "Find Beverley Brown," directed by Joan Kevan of 3A; "Maker of Dreams," directed by Elizabeth McHattie of 3C; "The Prince Who Was a Piper," directed by Alma Grant of 4F, completed our second evening.

We overheard Mr. Fyfe remark that the climax of "The Prince Who Was a Piper," very touchingly done by Lyman Potts and Maureen MacRae, excelled even the heart-throbbing embrace of Clark Gable of the silver screen.

April 9th concluded the various presentations of the club with "The House With the Twisty Windows," directed by Edna Travis of 4C; "The Singing Soul," directed by Florence Powley of 3D; "Rosalie," directed by Katherine MacKie of 3C; and "When the Horns Blow," directed by Marion Westgate of 4D.

Strangely enough three of these last plays were selected by the judges, Miss E. D. Cathro, Miss V. Leech and Mr. C. Chapman to contest for the cup donated by Miss V. K. MacMillan, the general director of the Dramatic Club.

During the next week these three plays added a few finishing touches to their already splendid productions and on March 16th presented their masterpieces to a full house.

"The Singing Soul," which included: Emil Magel, Janet Robinson, Mary McKenzie, Mary McLeod, John Much, Dick Matthews and John Reynolds.

"The House With the Twisty Windows" which included: Jack Boyd, Jim Duncalfe, Edna Travis, Elsie Schick, Beryl Johnson, Murray Forbes, and Fred G. Usher.

"When the Horns Blow," which included: Ronald Dolan, Myrtle Stevenson, Eleanor Young, Ilene Grant, Rita Kennedy and Gene Pounder; were, without a doubt, almost professional and it must have been difficult for the judges, Mr. W. T. Reid and Miss D. Sheldon-Williams, to select the winning play. However, after prolonged hesitation Mr. Reid announced that Marion Westgate, the director of "When the Horns Blow," should receive the cup.

So ends another successful dramatic season and we sincerely hope that the clubs of the future will enjoy their dramatic activities as much as we enjoyed ours.



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THIRD YEAR

FOREWORD

The school year 1934 is drawing to a close and we of third year have almost, or in some cases reached the end of our collegiate life which three years ago seemed so far away.

We entered third year feeling rather proud of ourselves. We were full-fledged seniors at last and the words seemed to make us realize that we had entered the "Grown-up" stage. Perhaps some of the staff have doubted it several times, but in most cases it has been good clean fun, the love of which is the heritage of youth, and as long as it remains so the teachers believe in the old adage, "All work and no play make Jack a dull boy."

We have made new friends and acquaintances, we have gained new interests and new learning and now, at the threshold of fourth year we realize how little time we have left to make the most of them. It is our last chance to make sure there will never be any "if only's" issuing from our lips.

As you turn the next few pages you will see a short write-up on each third year form. They are for you, to add to your school-day memories, the most precious of all, with the hope, that in ensuing years when you look upon those familiar names and faces they will bring back thoughts of the most interesting year in Collegiate.

So now, at the end of this year's trail we hope the travellers following us will have just as good a time in third year as we, leaving it, have had. To the fourth years going ahead we wish them the best of luck and hope we may make just as good a job of our responsibilities as they have.

JOAN KEVAN, 3A.



*Walter
Baker
Graham*

Walter

FORM 3A

Jim Fisher says, "Progress ain't progressin' unless it progresses" and so—

"The 3A of 25 years ago," Samuel K. Hecklebittle said reflectively when we told him the subject of our interview. "Ah yes. Them," he added chewing on a piece of celery, "was the days. Them was the days when Mr. Oliver flaunted a pompadour and Mr. Haward never mentioned the 'primrose path'—too muddy. Them was the days when form parties was form parties. Was there anything which happened at your party that could compare to the old timers?—

"Well," we ventured, "Alex Thomson danced all night with Margaret Fullerton and Donald Lanskail sulked in a corner. Ed Peart fell into the piano trying to catch a moth and he's been a little flat ever since. Murray Auld blew a tube out in the radio trying to tell us the orchestra was Robbie's 'Revellers' when Barbara Matthews knew it was Wayne King's. Harold Jackson ate some waxed fruit by mistake and now he lights up like a candle everytime Margaret Cody smiles at him. Ada Mintz gave us a demonstration of the Carioca with Wes Hodgson as partner. But apart from that nothing happened."

"Pff," Sam gesticulated widely, incidentally hitting Peg Ainsley on the nose with his celery, "And pff again. Mere nothings. Take sport f'rinstance."

We did hurriedly. "Dave Spencer, John Bogden, Wes Zaharuk, Pat Salmond are all on rugby teams. Dave is president of the Boy's A.A. Bella Schwartzfeld and Eleanor Szysky are on the junior girl's basketball team.

He stopped us disdainfully, "Them was the days when rugby was rugby. I remember Mr. Campbell calling signals for the 'Catnips' one day and the opposing team refusing to play unless they were given ear muffs because, they said, it was too shattering to the nervous system. The 'Catnips' won and the losers went home like wilted lilies murmuring something about this drooping gait, this altered size. And say, did you ever see a guy running?"

"We've seen a dream walking," we returned.

"During those relays in the aud when Mary Kalenuik—I remember the time in the lab when Ted Bastedo, uncle to the present one, added the wrong acid. Every one broke records in the rush outside but he did the 100 yards in 12 seconds flat."

We made the proper sounds of incredulousness.

"In fact," Samuel K. Hecklibittle continued, "The only thing that has progressed in Central Collegiate is the number of names carved on the desks."

"Lorne Church has," we said. "He used to be a carol singer, now he does the sound effects in the Freshman Quartette.

"Twenty-five years ago." Sam sighed reminiscently. "George Thomson, a cousin of yours, wrote a poem entitled: 'She Was

Only a Daughter of Central, but She Certainly Knew all the Exchanges.' It was a wow," he added dreamily. "Then in the Glee Club——."

"Ah," we interrupted firmly, "In the Elgar Club we have Mary Pinkney, Jean Ralston, Delta Bell, Chrissie Yates, Winnie Brown, Rachael Resch and Joan Kevan. Warblers all. While in the orchestra we have Vic Byam, Jack Newby, Reg Harper and Keith Stillwell. Try to beat that."

"Not bad," he admitted, "But I gotta go now. I never could get my timing down to a fine art like Margaret or Margaret Robertson. Well so long."

"So long," we responded.

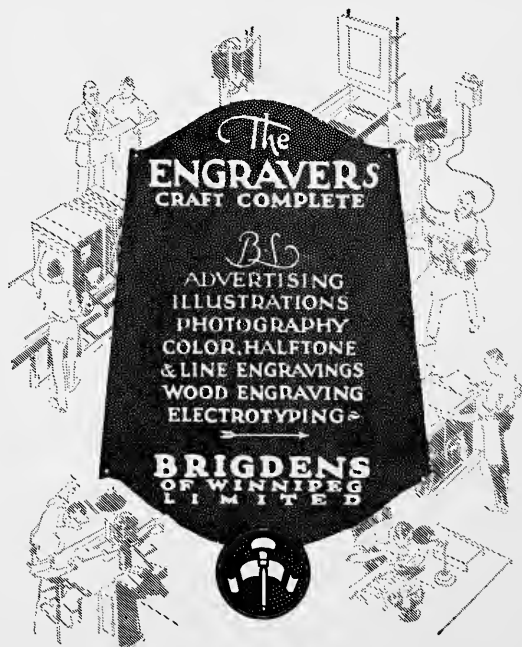
Marion Henry: "How did Lloyd Grant get that bump on his head?"

Elspeth Milligan: "A thought struck him."

Dora Maclin: "Why do they call it a funny bone?"

Grayce McGill: "Because it's at the end of the humerus."

Following the line of least resistance makes rivers, and men, crooked.



THE 3B WHEEZE

0 cents.

PERSONAL NOTES

They were getting a little bit too personal so we left them out.

SOCIAL AND OTHERWISE

We suppose you'd like to hear about our form party?—No! Well anyway here goes. Since we are swamped with offers of houses to hold our annual stampede in, we decided to hold it in the aud so as not to offend anybody, and graciously consented to let the population of 3C tag along. We had planned to dance but a large number of the youngsters seemed to think that the wall needed holding up very badly. But you really should have seen Dave McGregor, he certainly shone forth, what with all the girls falling for him; Jean MacCrae actually fell on her knees before him (she tripped over his feet). We were going to have a moonlight waltz but Dave's blushes illuminated the aud so brightly for the rest of the evening that it was impossible. Oh, yes! We had a beauty contest, the contestants were: Lindsay Treen, Jack Ring, Lindsay Holt and Bill Nickerson. The contest was to see who had the most delicately shaped lower limbs, all of the blushing contestants were lined upon the stage and were required to elevate their trouser legs to the level of their knees and oh my deahs! you guess who won. We stayed so late that when we left, the last show at the Capitol had been finished five minutes.

Let us look into the great beyond— Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Calgary, and all points West—No Elmer not that kind, we are to be transported into the year 1959.

Well, here we are, wonder what that rosy glow is down near the end of the street, might as well investigate. You'll never guess what it is. It's a place where Dave MacGregor is charging two dollars a throw to see his, by now world famous blush, "Deep Crimson and Delightful Rosy Tints, Rival of the Sunset, If you ain't Seen This You ain't Seen Nothin'" reads a sign. Well since we are stone broke it isn't much use staying around here, let's visit the cemetery. Why look, here are the graves of Bea Broome and Pat Cruickshank, wait a minute while Elmer reads the epitaphs. It says on Bea's that she burst a blood vessel when a travelling salesman tried to sell her some cream to remove wrinkles.

Pats reads thusly:

Here lie the bones
Of a boy named Pat,
He thought that mushrooms
Tasted flat.

Enough of these sad thoughts Elmer, let us away to the dear old Collegiate. What's this we see? Why it's Alice Waffle and Burton Godkin still trying to get those Algebra questions. But alas even here we cannot rid ourselves of our gloomy thoughts for on seeing the detention room and that well polished office bench,

newer and sadder ones crowd out the old. Come Elmer, do not tarry. From here our faltering footsteps strangely enough guide us to the hospital where we meet Dr. Steckly who is hurrying around leaving a trail of slightly used appendices and tonsils. It is too much for our addled brains, so back we hop onto our magic carpet and return thankfully to good old 1934.

Hya Babes

May we take this opportunity of advertising for a compass for Mr. Oliver.

SPORTS DEPT.

Flash—All hail to the winner of the 100 yard dash around the room to the door. Winner: Ross Barlow. Loser: Mr. Williams.

However, Mr. Williams wins in the weight lifting class since he can take hold of B. Godkin by the collar and lift him right out of his seat.

JOKE DEPT.

Mrs. MacIntosh: "What did they teach you today in school, sonny?"

Dan: "Oh, Miss MacFarlane told us about Columbus who went 2,000 miles on a galleon."

Mrs. MacIntosh: "She did, did she? Well, don't believe all she tells you about those American cars, my boy."

A bus loaded with visitors was passing over the Albert Street Bridge. Bea Broome prodded the conductor Bill Nickerson in the ribs and asked: "Is this the Albert Street Bridge?"

"No, madam, that's me."

Warren Petersmeyer (city chap): "Guess there's a lot of big men born in this town."

Albert Tanner (country hick): "Nope, jest babies."

Mabel Turnbull: "Helen has a difficult part in the new play."

Muriel Barker: "But I understand she just has to stand still and say nothing."

Mabel: "Exactly, that's what's hard about it."

Mr. Clarke: "What cured you of arguing with your wife?"

Mr. Myatt: "Arguing with my wife."

DANIEL ROSCHE

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FORM 3C

Who are we, don't you see,
We are the pupils of famous 3C;
Noted for the brains, ideas so bright,
We never do anything that isn't just right.
James McElroy—first in the class,
He has the brains—if not the mass.
Rex and Harry our big "he" men
Good at sport if not with the pen.
Florence and Lily our truants so gay,
Who stay at home every other day.
George, with the Rudy Vallee voice,
Makes him every school girl's choice.
Arlie and Ardyce, Aileen and Anne,
Are all out to "get their man."
The rest of the room are all so good,
We always do what we're told we should,
A better class you ne'er did see,
Than Central's classy class—3C.

We of 3C certainly live up to our name, we are cheerful, capable, clever and courageous. We are just a clean class that cares for comedy as well as credit for being able to cope with any situation that crops up in Central. We cherish our teachers, and though we cry for less homework we do not get in conflict with our conscience. Our conversation is carefully chosen so as not to clash with the laws of coherance. We concentrate on conquering confederation and are capable of correct calculation. We never clatter down the hall unless the coast is clear. No matter what Miss MacFarlane thinks about us we claim credit and feel confident of getting our certificate.

For the president we chose Harry Green. Kay Mackie is vice-president and Anne MacRae is an able secretary.

3C also claims some of the outstanding, not to mention outrunning and outjumping athletes of the school. Dot Cullum, Dorothy Doan and Anne MacRae are the girls. Harry Green and Rex Edwards are on the boys' rugby teams, and Leslie Waller brought the laughs from the crowd at our 1933-34 follies when he acted as a clown in the gym display.

It would be unforgivable if we forgot to mention the actors and actresses of Form 3C. They are very clever, intelligent players, and without a doubt, if their ambitions are so inclined, within a few years their names will be blazing in lights of Hollywood and Broadway!!!

The first play presented was "Maker of Dreams," under the direction of Elizabeth McHattie. George Ring's rich tenor voice held the audience spellbound and certainly surprised all the 3C's present because only a few weeks before we all heard George loudly proclaim, "I can't sing."

"Rosalie", a short one act play, was directed by Kathryn Mackie. Lindsay Treen as an English gentleman was excellent, while Elsie Halbwaaks, playing the part of an obstinate maid added humor to the play.

Mr. Hunt: "What is cowhide used for?"

Florence Burns: "To hold the cow together."

Miss MacFarlane: "What year was the war of 1812-14 fought, Harold?"

Harold (half asleep): "In 1869."

Elizabeth: "Get out of my light, you're not opaque."

Beatrice: "Oh, yes I am, 'cause all the boy friends can see through me."

Aileen K.: "I heard a good joke on the phone last night."

Anne M.: "Did you get his number?"

Roy Bing (dancing with Kay Mackie): "I'm walking on clouds."

Kay: "Those are my feet."

Gerald Gordon: "I just got a letter from the nicest girl in the world."

Lindsay Treen: "I thought I told my girl not to write to anyone but me."

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FORM 3D

3D! The name of a glorious form that in years to come will stir our hearts with precious memories. When we are old and grey the vision of that room will rise again before our eyes; those walls with their blackboards that forever needed cleaning, (Jack and John had such short memories); those inkstained floors, whose beauty was not enhanced by the bottles of ink which crashed so often, when Harry, Harvey or Dave happened to miss the catch just before Mr. Chapman's period; that old bulletin board, flaunting its purple and gold shield, won for the most Perroquet sales of our year, and right beside it the notices of exams, bridge tournament results, of lost and found articles. We will remember too, that old pencil sharpener with the hole in it, through which sawdust filtered when Eleanor and Mary rushed by at half a minute to nine; at the back of the room the vision of those editions of the 3D Bomb their bright covers done by Janet's clever fingers, hanging by tacks looted from Mr. MacMurchy's desk.

And shall we ever forget that old desk? Remember the paper file which Mr. Doxsee so narrowly missed sitting on one day? Dear old file! How many excuse slips you have held! Synonymous with the desk rises the picture of Mr. MacMurchy's face with its blue eyes and dark rimmed glasses, and again down the echoes of the past comes his voice, "Find the simplest formula—?"

Then, as our retrospective eye travels again to the back of that well-known room, we see the old ventilator that never did work, and we remember with a sigh of pleasure that that wall had the individuality to be gray while the other walls were green.

A faint click starts a new recollection, and we see the old door, through which, for twenty-five years even before our time, the hosts of shadowy students had been entering, and now our own cronies come trooping through, with the self-same grins and remarks. That click! Ah! Remember the time we kept Mr. Fyfe out with that dented Yale lock? It rendered good service that day, in saving our chalk throwers from detention.

We see paper wads on the floor, which bring back poignant recollections of Don, Dick, Angus and Terry; and there, a paper off a chocolate bar. Oh! remember the chocolates we won for selling the most tickets for the Christmas Concert? And speaking of festivities, a fresh picture is conjured up of a form party at Frances Thomson's where Al Paull and Norm Kliman staged their "Big Broadcast."

What is that sound? Can it be the ghost of Tubby Barnett's cow calling to us from the past? "'Tis no other!"

In memory we seem to hear again the peals of girlish laughter, and turning to the cloakroom door, see our fair classmates emerging, late as usual, for History period.

A phantom bell sets the echoes of our memory ringing, and in our middle-aged hearts there swells that same old exultation at the welcome sound.



*Mary
Croome*

It is time to go. One last look in the window shutters, to gild the lily, and to see if our hats are straight; one last, lingering glance as we pause at the door, and then the vision fades:

But the chain of Memory,
Binding heart to heart,
Time and tide can ne'er divide;
Fortune ne'er can part;
Welded by the hand of Love,
Tempered by Life's tears;
Sweetest gift of Heav'n above,
Through the treach'rous years.

FORM 3F

While looking around Regina for familiar objects after an absence of 25 years, we came across a big yellow brick building known to all as Central. There were those same old windows (slightly cracked by age) which we used to view daily. Now, as the outside hadn't changed much, we wondered if the inside had changed, probably not. Maybe a few more names carved on the desks and a seat or two more broken; but isn't that only natural? Weren't they used too much?

We stopped the car and began to recollect some people of prominence in 3F at the time. What had become of our president, Doris Cross, maybe she's a married woman, now, or an accomplished potato peeler. Then there was Harold Pawson (Puss to his pals) who had a violent dislike for text books, or any books for that matter, and is probably a champion hitch-hiker by now. We had visions of Keith Ansley the treasurer as a banker. He certainly ran a long term credit system. If remembered correctly 3F had been well represented in all school activities and came thro' the year with colors flying. Although sports were prominent the form never got a team in the Olympic Games and that was no fault of our ever willing form teacher, Mr. Greenough. Say! what has become of Mr. Greenough? Most likely he is still in the institution trying to drive Geometry and Algebra into some other wild generation's heads? Douglas Baker, as were call his homely visage, is the only one who stood out in Rugby in the whole room—good old Douglas and his henchman Bob McGill. In recalling a few of the rest we wonder if some are still up to their former tricks and doings; or do you remember away back when:

Peggy Bolster—was teacher's pet (never skipped).

Lyman Potts—was a radio fiend and "how."

Earl Rickard—was a baseball twirler of renown.

"Porky" McKay was a pocket-book edition "of what a girl should eat to keep thin."

Betty Whyte—was our sophisticated lady.

Nancy Carpenter—was everyone's good-natured friend.

Reg. McNally—was our gentleman farmer.

Lloyd Maywood—was known to all 3F as “General” (no slams).

Glen Crook—was always 5 minutes late (you could set your clocks by him).

So as we left the much transversed main hall which was full of fallen bricks and huge pieces of plaster we recalled this centre of learning was commonly known to be inhabited by ghosts, and what’s funny, the name of the place is still Central. Maybe those ghosts were teachers (eh, that?) So we now close the book on 3F’s history for the time being. How time flies, we have been here two hours,—tsk! tsk!

FORM 3G

’Twas on a September morn’
We gathered together our 3G form,
With Mr. Williams at our helm
It proved to be a peaceful realm?

As autumn days began to pass
Elections drew near quite fast,
Sybil was chosen president of our class,
And Dick Dewson had the vice president task.

And each Monday morn, we came to write
On the subject we’d studied Sunday nite,
For many weeks we were in doubt
Just how well we would make out.

When our report cards were homeward sent,
Our own bright heads were sadly bent,
But with holidays in view
We soon forgot our passes few.

With Xmas holidays o’er
We buckled down to books once more
To pass our Easter tests would be right,
And to our fond parents’ delight.

To the school concerts and dances we have no plans
And to the basketball games we lent our hands.
No form party have we had as yet,
But there will be one, you can bet.

We are really serious about our passing,
To be next year in senior classing.
When school days are over in June,
’Twill be remarked—too much, too soon.

3G is not an outstanding form in sports but practically all sports are represented.

Among the girls is Louise Deacon, who during this winter has played games as forward on Central Senior team; she also played as short stop on the Senior Baseball team. Then there is Sybil Durrant who is vice president of the Athletic Association. Sybil played as guard on Senior Basketball team for part of the year, and backcatcher on the Senior Softball team. Louise and Sybil are both on Foodland Softball team. Phyllis Brady played guard on the Junior B Basketball team.

Dick Dewson took an important part in the high jumping on Field Day, he was successful and came first, he pitched for Senior B Baseball team. Harry Dane played third base for Senior B Baseball. Frank Black played rugby for Central Senior boys. Camille Bonseigneur, as a midget played on both the rugby and basketball teams for Central. Fred Mason, who in fall played rugby for the Pats and this winter played basketball for the Dales. Another who played for an outside team was Harry Dane who played hockey for the Army and Navy. The boys 3G form basketball team were not as successful as they might have been but they ran up against a hard team at the start. The lineup was: Black, Henderson, F. Mason, G. Mason, Dane, Hazelton, Dewson, Sidler, Rubenstein.

"Hell is murky," says Lady Macbeth.
Wonder if she ever saw Regina in a dust storm."

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SECOND YEAR



FOREWORD

Fairy Tales should have an especial appeal when we find ourselves active participants in the drama they unfold—such perhaps would be the Depression, which we hope is almost past History. A black spectre on the horizon, then a band of sablecloaked horsemen. There were Sir Parching Drought, Sir Drifting Wind, Sir Needless Labor Saving Devices, Sir Wasteful Luxuries, Sir Fool-hardy Speculation and last Sir Priceless Grain. This band of outlaws has done its best to destroy that spirit of optimism which our youth has. It has tried to remove that encouragement that youth should have, that idea of "get ahead" is having a hard fight. Perhaps no other year in the School has shown itself more worthy of their name than the Second Years. They will be without doubt the youth who can face the situations fairly and squarely.

That feeling of co-operation is always to be felt when in the presence of the Second Years. Both in class room work and in athletic realms the Second Years stand out like "a mountain on a plain" as it were.

The Literary periods proved very popular among the students and showed an interest which was indeed very hopeful. The various forms provided entertainment of a high calibre and as a way of getting forms together it proved an outstanding success. In school work where the co-operation of all the years is needed we again find the Second Year forms ready to do their best. Perhaps the words of a great writer may sum up the situation thus—"No matter where you are, or under what circumstances—always endeavour to do your best."

F. CAVANAGH, 2D.

ORGANIZATION

2A

President—Eleanor Dolan
Vice. Pres.—Frank Auld
Secretary—Murray Westgate

2B

President—Harold Hyman
Vice Pres.—Pete Noble
Secretary—Mary Rogers

2C

President—Russ Findlay
Claude Spellicy
Vice. Pres.—Vera Woodward
Ruth Rothwell
Secretary—Bill Banks
Lamenda Brown

2D

President—Forbes Cavanagh
Vice Pres.—Phyllis Burroughs
Secretary—Doris MacDonald

2F

President—Rod MacGregor
Vice President—Margaret Stemshorn
Secretary—Arthur Wilson.

THE SECOND YEAR LITERARY SOCIETY

The Lit. this year opened in January and continued until the last week in March, the meetings being held every two weeks.

No special officers were elected, but instead, one or two classes were responsible for the programmes each time, with one form president in the chair.

The programmes were chiefly composed of recitations, vocal, violin, and piano solos. Several times members of the "Students' Council" gave us short talks on the "Annual" and the "Perroquet."

Some special features of the year were:

1. Radio Dialogue—by 2D boys.
2. "Pettin' in the Park"—skit by 2C girls.
3. An Arabian Farce—by 2B boys.
4. Debate by 2C Boys:
Resolved: Chewing Gum should be Compulsory and Free.
5. A Mock Trial by 2C boys.
6. One Act Comedy—"Please Pass the Cream."
—Eleanor Dolan and Bob Moore.

The society was supervised by Mr. F. E. Howard and everyone profited greatly by his interest, and helpful suggestions. The programmes were all attractive and well arranged, and judging by the apparent interest shown by the audiences, there is no doubt that the efforts of the performers were highly appreciated.

SPORTS

Basketball

This year's Basketball schedule was considerably better than last and a good season was enjoyed.

The forms at the beginning of the season had each two boys' teams including all the students desiring to play. 2B however was the only form having two girls' teams, the one team being sufficient in the other forms.

Towards the end of the season an elimination schedule was played by both girls and boys. There were only one boys' team from each form and one girls' team except 2B with two teams.

2D ventured forth and won both boys' and girls' honours for second year and were to meet the first year winners but the games were cancelled indefinitely and were not played.

2D Girls' team—G. Wilkie, M. Speers, A. Bujea, E. Heidt, H. Haug, D. Kinnee.

2D Boys' team—G. Mortimer, F. Cavanagh, B. Isman, G. Bujea, E. Ploss.

Softball—

Last year softball was played to quite an extent. Each form having a boys' and a girls' team. Playoffs were not arranged but a good time was had by all.

Field Day—

Second year put forth her athletes last fall and made quite a showing against the other years, 2D getting the most points in second year and received a box of chocolate bars. Those figuring prominently in the field meet were: Forbes Cavanagh who won the Junior Championship and Allan Scythes who was runner-up.

AROUND THE FORMS

2A

2A was very proud of two members of its form this year, namely: Eddie Stock and Rod Dingwall, who entered the Bryant Oratorical Contest. They both made a splendid showing, and Eddie Stock was chosen to represent Central Collegiate in the city finals.

Also, we won the chocolates for selling the most tickets for the Annual Christmas concert.

Eleanor Dolan played the part of Bobby in the Elgar Club operetta providing the humorous relief and scored a great success.

2C

2C paved a path in paper sales for Second year forms this year and are now the proud possessors of a large purple and gold shield for their efforts. Talking of speed, and who doesn't, 2C contains two of the fastest young lads in Saskatchewan on skates.



Bill Banks won the Junior Saskatchewan cup at Saskatoon. And Bill Powley came out third best in the intermediate section of the same meet.

2D

Our form paper the "2D Colossul" flourished during the fall term, but owing to more important activities, ceased to function after Christmas.

SOCIAL

2A

Shortly before Christmas 2A had a party at the Capitol Theatre, after which we dined and danced at the Bell home.

2B

We assembled at the Arena rink to partake of Canada's foremost sport, and after skating we accepted the hospitality of Mary Rogers, who acted as hostess at her home. Dancing and good games were enjoyed by Mr. Allen and the 2B gang.

Also early in the fall, we were very fortunate to be able to go on a hike to the creek where a most enjoyable time was had by the whole form.

2C

Held their form party shortly before Christmas, going to the Capitol Theatre and later to the home of Gordon MacCrae where everyone enjoyed themselves immensely.

2D

Found the social urge too great, so in the early fall decided that a Theatre Party was the best thing to have. We saw "Berkley Square." The last part of the party was very much enjoyed, we went to Sneath's home where refreshments were served and a good time was had by all.

2F

Last fall 2F held its form party at Boggy Creek, under the kind direction of Mr. Doxsee, Mr. Staples being unable to attend. After thoroughly enjoying the weiners, buns, singing, all returned to the Ruby Salon where dancing continued for two hours when all departed.

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FIRST YEAR



FOREWORD

What Central Means to Us

School may mean much or little to those who attend. It ought, of course, to mean much from at least three points of view.

First—Physically—School affords us physical training, track meets, field days, baseball and rugby. One might overdo in this field. There is a possibility of spending too much time in the gymnasium or on field and track thereby letting our studies go. This of course would be no help in passing examinations. The body might be made strong but such strength without knowledge in the subjects assigned would not enable one to secure credit or class standing.

Secondly—Socially—Here there are many opportunities to form friendships in class meetings, councils, parties and dances, which are aids in getting acquainted. Socially, one may overdo. If studies are neglected for social enjoyments, it cannot be a surprise if examinations and regular class work suffer. Here as in sports we need balance. Some of each and not too much of either.

Thirdly—Mentally—But the all important development we seek in school is mental rather than social or physical. Lack of study will mean failure to acquire knowledge, inability to pass examinations, will make promotion impossible, and will usually end in ones leaving school.

In a word, then Central means two things. Opportunity and Responsibility. These two go together. If the opportunity is improved and the responsibility assumed, good results will be secured in physical growth and power, in social contacts and friendships, in knowledge and development and in preparation for further study and promotion.

SHEILA UPTON, 1G.



FIRST YEAR ORGANIZATION

1A

President—Louise Pearlman
Vice-President—Gwen Griffin
Secretary—Jim McLean

1C

President—Mary Fawcett
Vice-President—Tom Clinkskill
Secretary—Bob Lockhart

1F

President—Gwen McLachlan
Vice-President—Leland Seig
Secretary—Elaine McLeod
Treasurer—Bob Lennox

1H

President—Ronald Henry
Vice-President—Victor Rouse
Secretary—Mildred King

1B

President—Alan Crossley
Secretary—Gwen McArthur

1D

President—Fred Harding
Vice-President—Edith Scott
Secretary—Tom Nomura

1G

President—Mae McMaster
Vice-President—Don McEwen
Secretary—Abel Schwartzfeld

1K

President—Alan Mackie
Vice-President—Harold White
Secretary—Olive Newman

LITERARY

1A

The contributions from 1A for the Literary Society meetings were; a violin solo by Gwen Griffin and piano solos by Eleanor Jefferson, Beatrice Loney, and Roma Matthews.

1B

For the Literary Society, the 1B boys put on two plays "Lochinvar" and "Radio Jumblers" which were appreciated by the first year audience.

1C

1st year Literary Society which was presided over by Keith Logan for the first meeting, received a few, not unworthy contributions from Isobel Chalmers, Nora Hall, Margaret McLeod, Thelma Goodwin, and Jean Hubbs. The contributions from Isobel Chalmers, were in the form of readings, which were both very humorous. Nora Hall's acrobatic number was much appreciated by the audience. The other contributions were musical numbers.

1D

Thelma Caulder, the main jester in the room lent her talent to fill in the empty spaces in the programme of the 1st year Literary Society. She gave a number of jokes which were very amusing. Florence Jolly also made a contribution of a reading entitled "Leetle Bateese."

Portrait



1F

In the Literary Society 1F showed considerable talent. Over station P.D.Q. we heard Sylvia Yule as "Ruth Etting," Leland Seig as "Little Jack Little" and Jack Thomas as "Dave Mills." In the play called "The Rehearsal," Isabel Irwin and Elaine McLeod came forth with their dramatic talent. Evelyn Bancescu played a medley of popular tunes and at the last lit, when Victor Erdelyan played the role of Ellen's mother in Lochinvar, the house came down with laughter.

1G

At the first meeting two numbers by 1G. A reading by Dorothy Milne and a piano duet by Erna Ast and Gwen Neil. Erna Ast played the national anthems for all the meetings. In the other meetings there were different numbers by 1G as: A few speeches by Sheila Upton. One was an appeal to the "First Years" for the First Year edition of the "Perroquet" and another an appeal for the "Annual." Then a play called "The Rehearsal" with Lily Wolfman 1G, Isabel Irwin 1F, Sheila Upton 1G, Elaine McLeod 1F, Gwen McLachlan 1F and Peggy Scrimes 1G.

Once we had jokes by Noreen Perry 1G and a musical by Katie Polak, 1G.

1H

1H for their part in the Lits. had two of the boys, Cliff Cushing and Vernon Nelms act as chairmen.

1K

1K's part in the First Year Literary meetings was to loan the ever popular blues singer Bea Metcalfe for several selections.

SPORT

Basketball—This year as in previous years a knock-out competition in basketball was held among the boys of the first year forms. Losers in their first game then played in a consolation league and the winning team in each league played off the championship. 1B and 1G played in an exciting overtime game—1B defeating 1G by one point.

1B—D. Jolly, N. Dunn, H. Benson, A. Smith, J. Wilson, T. French, B. Franzen, H. Whittaker, Al. Crossley.

1G—T. McLeod, A. Ring, S. Norman, R. Hardy, R. Ellis, A. Schwartzfeld, D. Moscovitch.

Girls—

After each girls team playing two or more games the interform competition was won by 1C.

1K was the runner-up.

1C—O. Demchuck, A. Hills, M. Fawcett, J. Erskine, N. Runciman, A. Christie, P. Foster, B. Gardiner.

1K—Olive Newman, B. Metcalfe, I. Lockwood, L. Bing, E. McGonigal, R. Freedman, A. Wright.

SOCIAL

1B

Our form party was a great affair, the girls providing the lunch, and the boys paying for the show. We went to the Grand, then trotted back to "Central". A good time was had by all.

1C

What was that big hilarious crowd outside the Arena, Friday, January 26th. Was it noisy? Yes—Then it was form 1C. At 8.30 the skating party began. Mr. Lingard form teacher, joined that group of gay revellers in skating. After some doing the cow on the shovel act and some skating for two hours, the happy group hied themselves to Chalmers, for Isobel had kindly opened her home to the form. Here dancing—more or less—and a very lovely lunch were enjoyed after which the party broke up.

1D

Our party took place at the school, with Mr. Haward, after two hours of jolly sleigh riding, lunch was served by Mrs. Caulder, Mrs. Power, Miss Reacher, after which a delightful evening of dancing and games was soon fled. The evening broke up with the singing of "For they are jolly good fellows."

1F

Our form party held on Friday evening in January was certainly a success. After attending the Capitol Theatre where we saw "Berkley Square" we went to Frank Milligan's home where we spent the remainder of the evening in games, etc. At 10.30 lunch was served and it was noised about that Miss Boyd must have poured at least one hundred and fifty cups of coffee—what appetites!! and after extending our thanks to Mrs. Milligan we went home.

1G

1G had a form party on the evening of November 27, 1933. On account of lack of snow and cold weather, we held a theatre party at the Capitol Theatre. Later we returned to the R.C.C.I. much to the regret of the pupils. A good time was had by all, even the ones who finished the extra bricks of ice cream after the rest had gone home.

1K

For our form party we went to the theatre and later to Bea Metcalfe's home where a most enjoyable time was had by all.

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AROUND THE FORMS

1D

Our Hero—

You've got to be a dog-saving hero to get along with Florence Jolly. That's why Bernie Wilson became a hero overnight. He rescued a small dog from the icy waters of the mighty Wascana to win fame and have his picture in the paper.

I guess it will be sometime before a few boys of 1D get to see a show or buy Easter eggs, buying a box of chalk left their purses flat and right before Easter too. I guess they won't waste chalk until the price goes down.

1F

It was Fred Wilson who had to walk back three blocks with a sign "Room for Rent" which he removed from a boarding house and hung on the door of 1F.

Cecile Boyd and Elaine McLeod contributed 1F's share in the Christmas Concert. Cecile being in the acrobatic number and Elaine being one of the "Wooden Soldiers."

1G

There is a form in R.C.C.I.

On top of the stairs away up high
And in this form they have in store
All the pupils the teachers adore?

Now Noreen Perry came one day
Without a skirt, or so they say
She had to wear her coat so new
She couldn't go 'round in her petticoat blue.

Jack Peake the clown of the room
Ripped his pants one afternoon
And Bob Milliken his initials did engrave
On a spot on the scalp of the Wilson brave.

Bernice Barlow and Elizabeth Black took part in the Christmas Concert, Elizabeth in the "Wooden Soldier" number and Bernice was a "Jumping Jack".

1H

1H had the honor of receiving the shield presented for the most subscriptions of the "Perroquet". Also in the annual field day 1H captured the first year honors winning a box of chocolates.

1K

In the Christmas Concert, 1K was represented by Bea Metcalfe, who sang, "Are You Doin' Any Studying" to introduce one part of the programme.

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HUMOUR

Whatever trouble Adam had,
No man in days of yore,
Could say when Adam told a joke,
I've heard that one before.

"College-bred refers to something which requires a fearful amount of dough, is seldom self-raising and usually proves to be nothing more or less than a four-year loaf." H. C. Witwer.

The number of questions a girl in 4B answers in the chemistry class varies inversely as the number of times she answers the phone the night before.

Mr. MacMurchy: "What's the formula for water?"

J. Fisher: "HIJKLMNO."

Mr. MacMurchy: "Who told you that?"

Jim: "You did, you said it was H to O."

And then there was the college student who thought the "pole vault" was the Bank of Warsaw.

She: "I thought you were going to kiss me when you puckered up your lips just now."

He: "No—er—it was only a piece of grit in my mouth."

She: "Then for goodness sake, swallow it—you need some."

Mr. Doxsee: "How was Alexander I, of Russia, killed?"

Student (vaguely): "By a bomb."

Mr. Doxsee: "Be a little more explicit, please."

Student (in desperation): "Well you see—er—it exploded."

"You writing your sermon, pop?" the small son of a minister asked interestedly.

"Yes, my boy," was the reply of the divine.

"How do you know what to write, pop?" was the next question.

"God tells me what to write, my son," the minister replied impressively.

The little fellow looked doubtful.

"If he tells you what to write," he demanded, "Why do you go back and scratch out a lot of it?"

Miss MacFarlane: "Who can tell me something about Nero?"
Bright Pupil: "Is he the one in 'Nero, My God to Thee'?"

Father (giving daughter a lecture about her beau): "Does he know who pays the light bills? Doesn't he know enough to go home sooner?"

Daughter: "Yes, he knows enough to go but he was sick last night."

Father: "Don't tell me that big, husky fellow was sick. What on earth was the matter with him?"

Daughter: "Heart trouble."

Miss MacMillan: "You'd better watch your step in my classroom."

Aubrey: "What's the matter, floor loose?"

Have you heard the song of the discarded bathing suit?
"I'm Jansen With Tears in My Sides."

The General Feeling—

If Adam came back to earth the only thing he'd recognize would be some of these jokes.

Mr. Campbell: "Why were you late?"

The Unfortunate: "Well, sir, there are eight in our family and the alarm was only set for seven."

Hilda: "What are you going to do tonight?"

Betty: "I'm not just sure yet."

Hilda: "Let's toss a coin. If it's heads we'll go to the baseball game, if it's tails we'll go to the show, and if it stands on its edge, we'll go home and study."

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Helen S.: "No, we have no vacuums in the house that need cleaning."

Mr. MacMurchy (after fire drill): "My 3D form walked as though they were going to a picnic."

Mr. Fyfe: "Oh, they probably know they're too green to burn."

Miss Boyd: "Do you know that the majority of the class know ten times as much as you?"

Marian Helm: "Well ten times nothing is nothing."

Census of form (?)

Regularly enrolled.....	39
Expect to get rich.....	30
Get rich.....	2
Say we ought to have a natatorium.....	32
Know what a natatorium is.....	8
Talk about their steady.....	39
Have a steady.....	5
Kick about their teachers.....	39
Have any kick coming.....	2
Think they're funny.....	39
Are funny.....	2
Agree with teachers.....	39
Understand them.....	4
Borrow money.....	39
Expect to pay it.....	0
Think this column is rotten.....	38

Mr. Fyfe: "But I criticize your composition because your writing was atrocious."

Mary: "Oh was that what you wrote on my paper?"

Mr. Campbell in 4A, draws one side, then the other and finally the perpendicular called H. Then—"Get the H out of here."

Murray: "What did you think of Pat's get-up at the dance."
Courtney: "I didn't know she fell down."

Aubrey: "Would you like to go to the dance?"

Bus: "I'd love to!"

Aubrey: "Then go ahead."

Lyman stayed up all one night last week to see if he could steal the harness off a night mare.

Bean: "Yes, Dad, I'm a big shot at school now."

Mr. Bean: "Well, I'd like to hear some better reports."

Aileen: "Gordon has brains enough for two."

Alma: "Why don't you go with him then."

Mr. Cooper: "How long did you spend on your Algebra?"

Marg.: "One hour, railroad time."

Mr. C.: "Railroad time."

Marg.: Yes, stops included."

Mr. Myatt: "Someone stole my car."

Miss Tingley: "These antique collectors stop at nothing."

Coach: "Have you heard the new rugby song?"

Bean: "No, what is it?"

Coach: "We knead each other."

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Ed. Hardy.

Miss Schuyler

Miss Schuyler

Miss Schuyler

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Miss Schuyler

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Ellen Pike

Nora Perry

Lily W. Hoffman

Grace Kraminsky

Dot Miller

Grace Liddle

Katie Polak

Elie Yancovitch

Janet Robinson

Miss Duvvett

Miss Duvvett

**You too
will**

Say



**is the best
chocolate
made**

A University is an institution where the incomprehensible is explained to the indulgent and ignorant by the incompetent.

A boy—noise with dirt.

Ed Petersmeyer (dressing for basketball): "Hey, gimme my running shoes."

Hec: "Do you want the oars with them too?"

Doorkeeper (at the Christmas Concert): "You're too late, the quartette has just started to sing."

H. Lockwood: "But I'll slip in without making a sound."

Doorkeeper: "It isn't that, if I opened the door half the audience might rush out."

Goldie: "I could go on dancing like this forever."

Dot: "Oh, Ken don't say that, you may improve."

As Marion Searle was walking thru' the park yesterday she came across a small boy crying bitterly, and when she enquired the reason he told her that his shoes hurt him.

"Why," she cried, looking down at his feet, "You have your shoes on the wrong feet."

"Boo-hoo!" he sobbed "I haven't got any other feet."

D. Cross (after dance): "Oh! Jim do I look all right?"

Jim: "Yes, but your looks always were deceiving."

A Teacher Soliloquizes.

Stupid thou art and dumbell, and shalt be
Here another year; because I fear thy nature
It is too full o' the milk of human laziness
To catch the only way; thou should'st not fail
Art not so very dumb but without
The ambition should attend it; what thou would'st highly
That wouldst thou easily; wouldst thou work hard
And yet, wouldst get high marks; shouldst have, O student,
That which cries, Thou wouldst work hard if thou pass,
And that which thou'rt too lazy for to do
Must not be left undone. Stay in tonight
That I may bawl you out for fair,
And chastise with some hundred lines or more
All that impedes thee from thy pass matric.
From which the subjects which we teach do seem
To have thee barr'd withal.

(Apologies to Shakespeare)

SURE SIGNS OF SPRING

"Sure signs of spring," some poets whine,
"Are tiny snowdrops white,
Or maybe just a robin red"—
And foolish people bite!

This may apply to far-off lands
Like France or England green,
But in this lovely land of ours
A difference is seen!

The poets on our prairies fair
The truth do *never* wheeze,
The surest sign of spring we get
Is a little western breeze!

It whizzes o'er the fields of weeds
And takes the dirt that's there—
And the farmers sit and cuss at it
And tear their greying hair!

Then to Regina it doth come
(And you can't see half a block);
And see we birds or snowdrops? NO!
They're killed by flying rock!

So let me sit in a house in spring
And watch the fields blow by—
That sign of spring is the only thing
That *affirms* it's in the sky.

KEITH STILLWELL, 3A.

There is the tale of the unfortunate stock-gambler who cannot look at even a magazine now because the sight of the margins drives him crazy.

Rugby players' lament—
Early to bed,
Early to rise,
Our girl goes out
With our guys.

No matter what your English teacher may say, a period is just a comma that has curled up and gone to sleep.

"Conjugate the verb 'to swim.'"

"Swim, swam, swum."

"Now conjugate the verb 'to dim.'"

"Dim . . . er . . . Say! You're trying to fool me aren't you?"

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REGINA SASKATCHEWAN

Visitor: "Doctor can you help me? My name is Brunskill."

Doctor: "No, I'm sorry I can't do a thing for you."

"That reminds me," said our vice-principal (who was watching the steam shovel at work) "I'm to play golf tomorrow."

In front: "Gee! I feel like a three year old."

Behind: "Horse or egg?"

Jim: "What do you do the hundred in?"

Potts: "A gym suit and a pair of spikes."

Fredina: "I've just had my face lifted."

Beth: "Nonsense, who'd steal such a thing?"

Mr. Chapman: "Harry, please conjugate the word 'hic.'"

Harry: "Hie, hic, hoc huis, huis, honk, honk, honk."

Mr. Chapman: "Well, now the road is clear you may proceed."

We wonder whether Hitler will banish from Germany the current hit, "You Nazi Man."

"Say, may I have my last dance with you?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, you've already had it."

"IN FOURTH YEAR ROOMS"

(With apologies to MacRae)

In Fourth Year rooms, the seniors cram,

Between the classes, man with man,

To hold our place, while in the trees

The birds still bravely singing, freeze,

Scarce heard amid the din within.

We are the seniors, long ago

We came, sat here, loved teachers so,

Worked and were worked while now we sit

In Fourth Year rooms.

Take up our struggle with each book

At which our weary eyes did look.

The game be yours to play it fair.

If you but cheat, if you should dare,

We shall not care, we won't be there

In Fourth Year rooms.

STILL MORE BONERS

A circle is a round line with no kinks in it, joined up so as not to show where it began.

Algebraical symbols are used when you do not know what you are talking about.

Figurative language is when you mean a rooster and say a chandelier.

Feminines—Bear, vixen; sheep, you; masculine of ladybird: the masculine of ladybird sounds as if it ought to be gentlemanbird, but that looks funny.

Give King Alfred's views on modern life had he been alive today—

"If Alfred had survived to the present day he would be such an exceedingly old man that his views on any subject would be worthless."

A man has x miles to travel. He goes a miles by train, b miles by boat and c miles he walked. The rest he cycles. How far does he cycle?

"d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z miles."

Parallel lines never meet unless you bend one or both of them.

Gravity was discovered by Isaac Walton. It is chiefly noticeable in autumn, when the apples are falling off the trees.

Water is composed of two gins, Oxygen and Hydrogin. Oxygen is pure gin, Hydrogin is gin and water.

The zebra is like the horse only striped and is chiefly used to illustrate the letter Z.

Ammonium chloride is also called silly maniac.

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For light laundry, a bride's waffle makes an excellent scrubbing board and when shellaced lasts for years. May also be used for lifting hot pans. Dishes, too warm for the table, sit comfortably on them. Eighteen of these waffles fastened together make a durable and efficient door mat, and auto tires retreated with them have been known to give an added 10,000 miles.

A pupil's knowledge varies inversely as the square root of the distance from the teacher.

As Jonah said to the whale, "If you had kept your darn mouth shut, this would never have happened."

All the honey a busy bee gathers in its lifetime doesn't sweeten its sting.

A sense of humour is a shock-absorber that will save you from many a cruel jolt in life.

Life seems to be one dull round for the man who always has an axe to grind.

Acting without thinking is like shooting without aiming.

Don't turn your back on troubles, face them squarely.

No man benefits himself permanently by injuring others.

The man who does his best is a success whether the world thinks so or not.

Real happiness is cheap enough yet how dearly we pay for the false kind.

Laugh, and the class laughs with you, but you serve the detention alone.

The "YE FLAME" staff wishes to extend its most appreciative thanks to the Safeway Stores and Capital Grocery for their donations to this Annual.

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